Saturday Night

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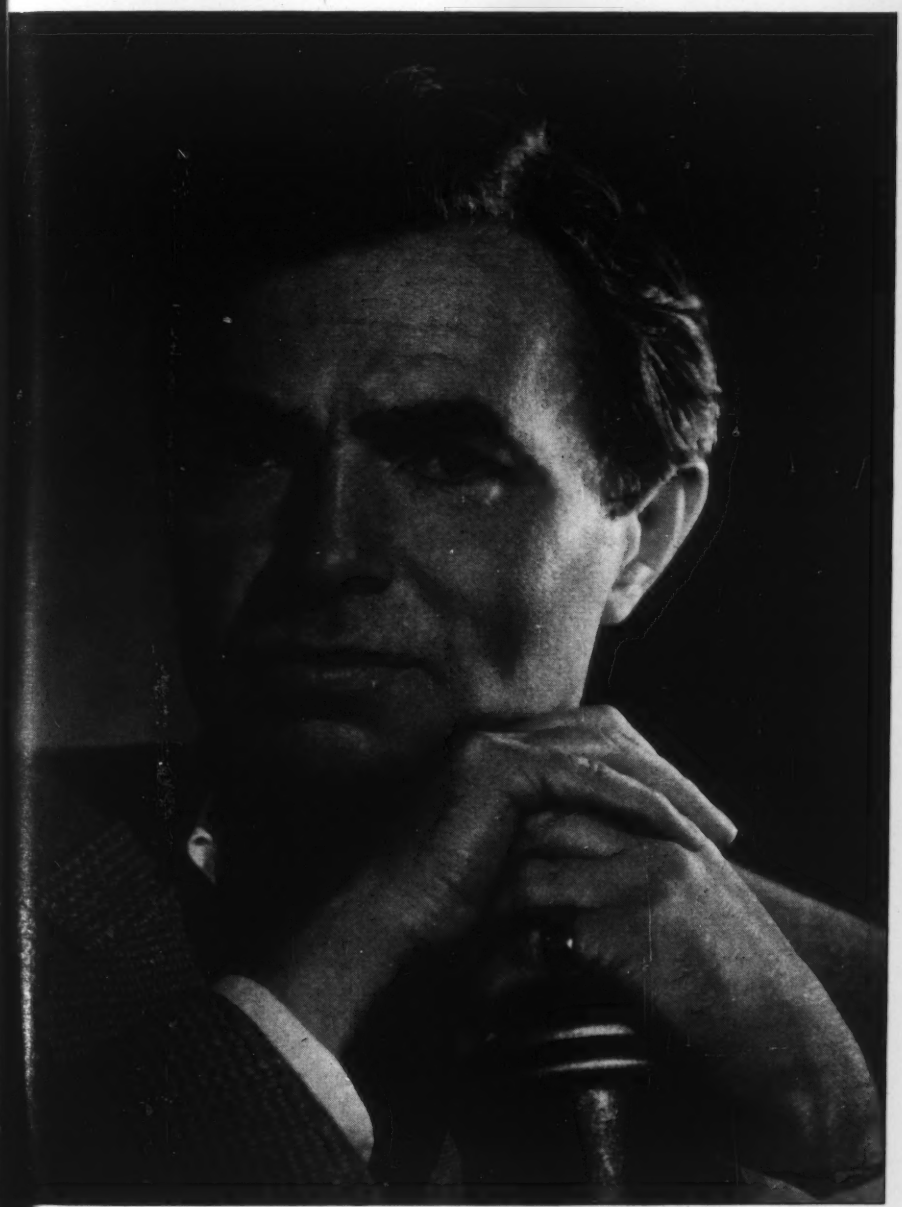

© McKague

JAMES MASON: Stimulus of a live audience. (Page 4)

The Front Page

It may no longer be that "as wheat goes, so goes Canada"; its drop in price, which screamed at us from a bold-face headline in Winnipeg, was only a story on the second financial page in Toronto next morning. Nevertheless, wheat is still the livelihood of a great many Canadians and mighty important to all the rest of us.

Mr. Howe has long taken the attitude that we have nothing much to worry about in what other people consider our glut of wheat. All that has happened, he holds, is that Canada has had the equivalent of four crops in three years. We have managed to sell the equivalent of three of them, and all we have on hand is the "extra" or bonus crop. And make no mistake about it, we have it on hand. Not a bushel of last year's crop has been sold, and we met a Manitoba farmer who was still trucking in his 1952 wheat.

In the face of this supply-and-demand situation, Mr. Howe has held that there was no particular need to reduce prices because people can only eat so much wheat, and that much they have to have. In any case, he adds, compared to other foods, wheat is still one of the

WANTED: A NATIONAL HERO
By Morris Bishop: Page 7

Hitting the Jackpot in every weight class!

No two ways about it. Only GMC offers everything you want in a truck. Here—and here alone—can you choose from such a wide range of carrying capacities, power plants, transmissions and axles. Here, also, you get more loading space, more comfort (in GMC's exclusive COMFORTMASTER cabs), more outstanding chassis features . . . more of all the important details to make your operation more efficient and more economical. Yes, a 1954 GMC truck—outcome of years of intensive study, engineering, styling and research—offers unsurpassed quality, dependability and value. Find out the facts from your GMC dealer today!

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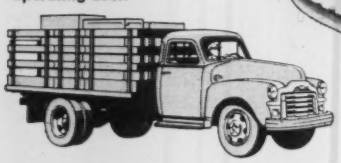

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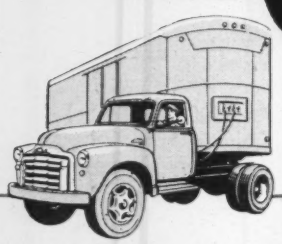

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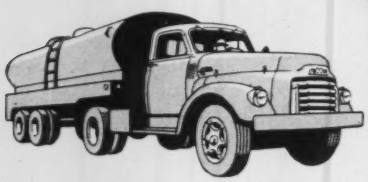

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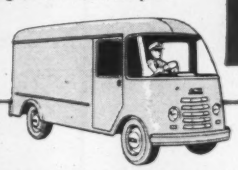

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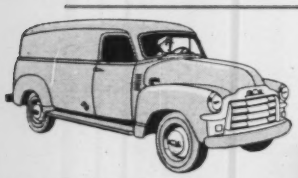

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*Hydra-Matic transmission optional at extra cost.

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GET A REAL TRUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

cheapest things a person can eat. To maintain this position, it was essential that the Americans should be persuaded to stick with us, and not embark on give-away programs or price-cutting for, while the Argentine now has its second good crop after a number of bad ones and Australia has a normal supply, and while in Europe France and Turkey have enjoyed particularly big crops, these are soft wheat sources. For hard wheat the customer still has to come to North America.

Besides, the experience of the Depression convinced many of our wheat-marketing people of the futility of price-cutting. It was carried to such an extreme then that many of our potential buyers had to increase the customs protection of their own farmers. Nevertheless, many Canadian papers have been critical of Mr. Howe for many months for holding out for such a high price in the last International Wheat Agreement that the British refused to sign, and instead turned round and reopened the long-closed wheat trading market at Liverpool. That should have been our signal. But Mr. Howe stood pat, and continued to expound his views, unchanged. Now the Americans have broken the front, and begun both to give away wheat and cut the price and we have had to follow suit.

There are few economists confidently predicting the outcome. Once again the combines are in the field, starting their long sweep northward from Texas to Alberta. Price supports, which were to maintain the "ever-normal granary", keep the wheat flooding in to granaries long since overflowing. Since the government has undertaken to be sole salesman for Canadian wheat, our Western farmers consider the surplus the government's problem, and go right on seeding their full acreage. And our grain-marketing firms, long incensed over the Government sales monopoly, have no desire to take over now and be blamed for low prices.

Only the weather can now affect this year's crop. But it seems to us that the American and Canadian Governments, which, with the distress conditions of the thirties now so far behind, have been content to use high support prices for political purposes, will soon have to take some bad political medicine: acreage control. The Americans have begun. Will they allow us to lag far behind?

Home-cure

DENTISTS are worrying about a new ailment, which, in lieu of its technical name, might be called "Television Jaw". It seems that youngsters who spend long hours before the TV screen tend to prop their jaws in their hands and this habit, accentuated, no doubt, by the intensity of the emotional strain, produces

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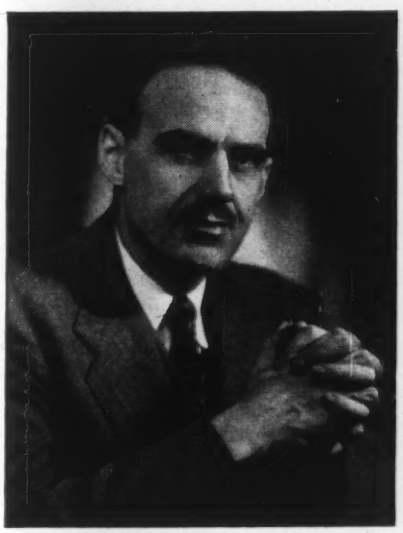
a jutting chin and puts the teeth out of alignment.

A generation ago parents were sometimes worried by a similar ailment, which might have been called "Bookworm's Jaw". A good home remedy then used to be a gentle prod between the shoulder-blades and a sharp reminder that necks were made to support the head. This treatment might be tried now. If it fails, parents can always turn off the set and send the children out to play, or to bed.

Therapeutic Measures

WE WENT round to Lyndhurst Lodge, the Toronto rehabilitation home for paraplegics, one day last week to congratulate Dr. Albin Jousse, its superintendent, on being elected President of the Canadian Association of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation. The quiet, pleasant place seemed to be a reflection of the man who for nine years has directed



Ashley & Crippen
DR. ALBIN JOUSSE: Courage.

the care and treatment of in-patients there, as well as those who live out, but come regularly for treatment.

"Paraplegics," Dr. Jousse told us, "are persons who have suffered from a transection or cutting across of the spinal cord, a condition that may result from a number of causes—gun-shot wounds, motor accidents or diseases like poliomyelitis. A few years ago persons who suffered from such an injury had very little hope. Most of them just took to their beds and died. Now we use all sorts of therapy, both individual and group, by which we aim to make the patient personally independent, able to dress himself and look after his own bodily functions, for example. We want our patients back in society, not hopeless and helpless recluses."

And the function of the Canadian Association, of which he is the in-coming president? "Largely educational," he replied. "We keep each other informed on new methods. Our members are scattered from Edmonton to Quebec City. We meet once a year and spend a lot of time planning ways to facilitate the flow of information. We need to know each other's successful techniques."

Dr. Jousse, who comes from Vankleek Hill in Ontario and is a graduate of McMaster and Toronto Universities, is a consultant as well at Sunnybrook, the veterans' hospital in suburban Toronto, and acts as advisor to several organizations interested in the problems of the paraplegic. It wasn't until he got up to see us out, however, that we realized that he himself walked with a severe limp. "Oh, that," he said. "A degenerative bone disease. I've had it since I was thirteen. Unfortunately, it's progressive, but I suppose it helps me understand my patients a little better."

We thought as we watched some of his patients in the therapeutic pool that the good humor in their faces and their obvious courage and will to recovery were modelled on that of their superintendent.

Fair Price

IN VIEW of the hullabaloo over "loss-leaders" and price-cutting raised by the advocates of price-fixing, it is consoling to see that not so many small retailers in Canada are being pushed under after all. The ratio of business failures last year, according to Dun and Bradstreet, was lower than pre-war, when price-fixing was legal. And the reason for failure in 96 per cent of the cases was "neglect, fraud and lack of experience".

These are old-fashioned words and they match up well with what W. E. Williams, president of Procter and Gamble told the annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Jasper, Alberta, recently. "In a truly competitive market," Mr. Williams said, "someone will get hurt, but cartel-type thinking inevitably leads to an umbrella over inefficiency. There has been price-cutting below normal levels, but I think this is an extremely healthy factor and a symptom of normalcy."

Certainly the consumer would agree with him. Too often over the past few years he has had to refrain from buying goods he wanted because they were priced beyond his means. Price-cutting looks all right to him and he is inclined to see the loss-leader as a legitimate lure. Too many retail merchants have ignored the basic fact that there is no compulsion on the customer to purchase something just because the dealer happens to want to sell at a handsome mark-up. Merchants who

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have been squawking loudly because their margin of profit has been cut by "unfair competition" have lost sight of a slogan they used to use about "when the price was right".

The price has been wrong for too long. Mr. Williams talks about "a simple business efficiency designed to bring to the consumer the greatest possible value". The Dun and Bradstreet survey would seem to indicate that efficiency of operation, fair profits to the dealer and good service to the consumer are not incompatible.

Now The "Big Two"

SO MUCH of the miasma that has clouded Anglo-American relations in recent months was cleared away when, within the space of forty-eight hours, Lord Alexander spoke out in his utterly straightforward manner against the idea that Britain could "go it alone", Sir Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden announced that they would come to America to talk things over, and the McCarthy hearings ended. It is unfortunate that this development should be attended by the opening of a breach between the two English-speaking powers and France, heretofore one of the Western "Big Three".

Was France left out because London and Washington expected her ministerial crisis to last for weeks? In that case M. Mendès-France could still have been given a cordial invitation. Or was she left out because the British and Americans feel they must now get on with a job that France has already delayed for two solid years? Lord Alexander said, rather grimly, that while his government still believed that the European Defence Community was the best means of incorporating Germany in the defence of Europe, if this couldn't be done, then some other means would have to be found "without further delay". Mendès-France has named as his Minister of Defence General Pierre Koenig, the man who wrote the Assembly report condemning EDC.

At the same time Britain and the United States have shown in the clearest possible manner, by withdrawing simultaneously their delegation chiefs in Geneva, that they expect the new French Government to accept a settlement in Indo-China of which they cannot approve, and which will not make a sound basis for the hoped-for "united front" to defend South-East Asia. It is regrettable that the French may think that their allies are abandoning them to deal alone with the Communists. It is plain that the Western alliance has reached a time of change. France, as Mendès-France admits with his transparent honesty, cannot support the role she has tried to assume since the war. Germany is necessary to our defensive front, and moreover is becoming restless. We have been unable to agree with France on how to incorporate Germany securely in a Western front; but we cannot wait any longer. It is unthinkable that there should be any callous switch from France to Germany as the third member of the "Big Three". So it must be a Big Two, until we see what develops.

Birthday Party

IF YOU HAVE any wooden nickels, the place to spend them from now until the first of August is Kitchener, Ontario. The city has minted—if that's the right word—10,000 of them to be distributed as legal tender during the city's centennial celebrations this week. "We haven't bothered to check with the Government,"

Roy Purkis

DONALD WEBER: Centennial mayor.

Mayor Donald Weber told us, "but we don't anticipate any trouble. We expect a lot of people will keep them for souvenirs."

Kitchener's sons and daughters are arriving home from far places for the week-long celebrations, the Mayor said. There was even talk of a bus-load coming all the way from San Francisco, but things weren't absolutely teed up on that yet. "People of Dutch, German and Pennsylvania-Dutch stock started this city," Mr. Weber went on, "so we've got Governor John Fine coming from Pennsylvania and the German Ambassador, Dr. W. Dankwort will be here with the German Consul, Dr. H. C. Halter. We're going to have a Hofbrau or German Beer Garden set up in the city for the week and there'll be folk-dancing outside and plenty of the food this district's famous for—roast pig-tails, sauerkraut, sauerbraten, coffee kuchen, anything you like.

"We're having a parade two miles long with floats to show the history from the time back in 1854 when it was founded and called Berlin. There'll be sports, exhibits, concerts. This is a musical community, you know. We've got the best symphony orchestra of any place of our size in Canada. The Lieutenant-Governor, Louis O. Breithaupt—he's an old Kitchener boy; the family's been in the leather business here for several generations—is going to open the celebration. There'll be a big birthday cake cut at City Hall Square. You'd better come up," urged Mayor Weber.

We said we would if we could scrape up enough nickels.

Old Acquaintances (*Cover Story*)

WHEN James Mason came from Hollywood to Stratford for this year's Shakespearean Festival, he was renewing former associations with both the plays and the director. Back at the Old Vic in 1953 when Mason was fresh from Cambridge and Guthrie was working out the methods of production that have made his fame, *Measure for Measure* was one of the plays of the season. Then Mason played Claudio; now the Festival audiences are to see him as Angelo. "A very straightforward character," Mr. Mason told us, "with not a tremendous variety of reading possible for the role."

How did he think audiences would react towards *Oedipus Rex?*

"I had my doubts before I got here," he said, "but no more. The Oedipus legend is one of the most remarkable stories in all history and the play has deep ethical and metaphysical values. Given Dr. Guthrie's know-how, this remarkable theatre, and the interesting relationship possible here between the audience and the stage—there's nothing like the stimulus of a live audience, you know—we're going to stir up plenty of excitement."

Final Note

DEATH, says the poet, is the sole cure for nostalgia. Perhaps he is right, yet we hope that such was not the implication of a note we received from an old friend now at Whitehorse in the Yukon and which induced as fine a bout of the disease as we have had in a long time. "Just like Timmins, only more so," it began, taking us, willy-nilly, down north again. By the time we had read of the wonders of the endless days and the bars that open at 7 a.m. and had contrasted the man we are now with the man we were then, we felt about ready to be rolled up in a shroud. What finally finished us off, though, nailing the coffin-lid down with hollow finality, was the signature. Our friend, having recalled our past and dilated on his present, had signed himself with his singularly melancholy initials, R.I.P.

The Face of Mexico

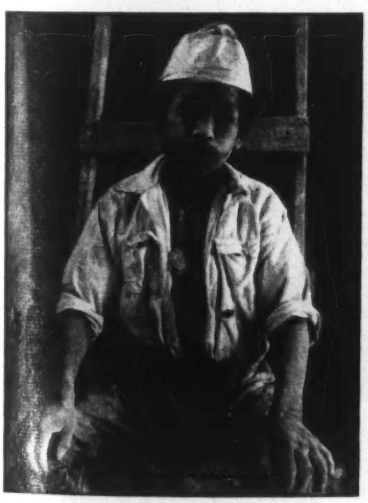
Vivid and Poignant Record by Camera

A MEXICAN MOTHER AND CHILD

Canadian photographer, Reva Brooks, and her artist-husband, Leonard Brooks, live in the town of San Miguel d'Allende in Mexico. She spends much of her time searching the countryside for subjects. Recently she returned to Canada for a brief visit.

REVA BROOKS CAPTURES THE TRAGEDY OF MEXICO'S PEOPLE

In San Miguel, Reva Brooks has trained her lens on the poverty and rituals of the Mexican people. Her photographic records are held in high esteem by Mexican and American critics. They "speak to our heart", wrote the famed Mexican artist, Tamayo. "They are studies of my peoples masterfully collected."



A BOY OF SAN MIGUEL

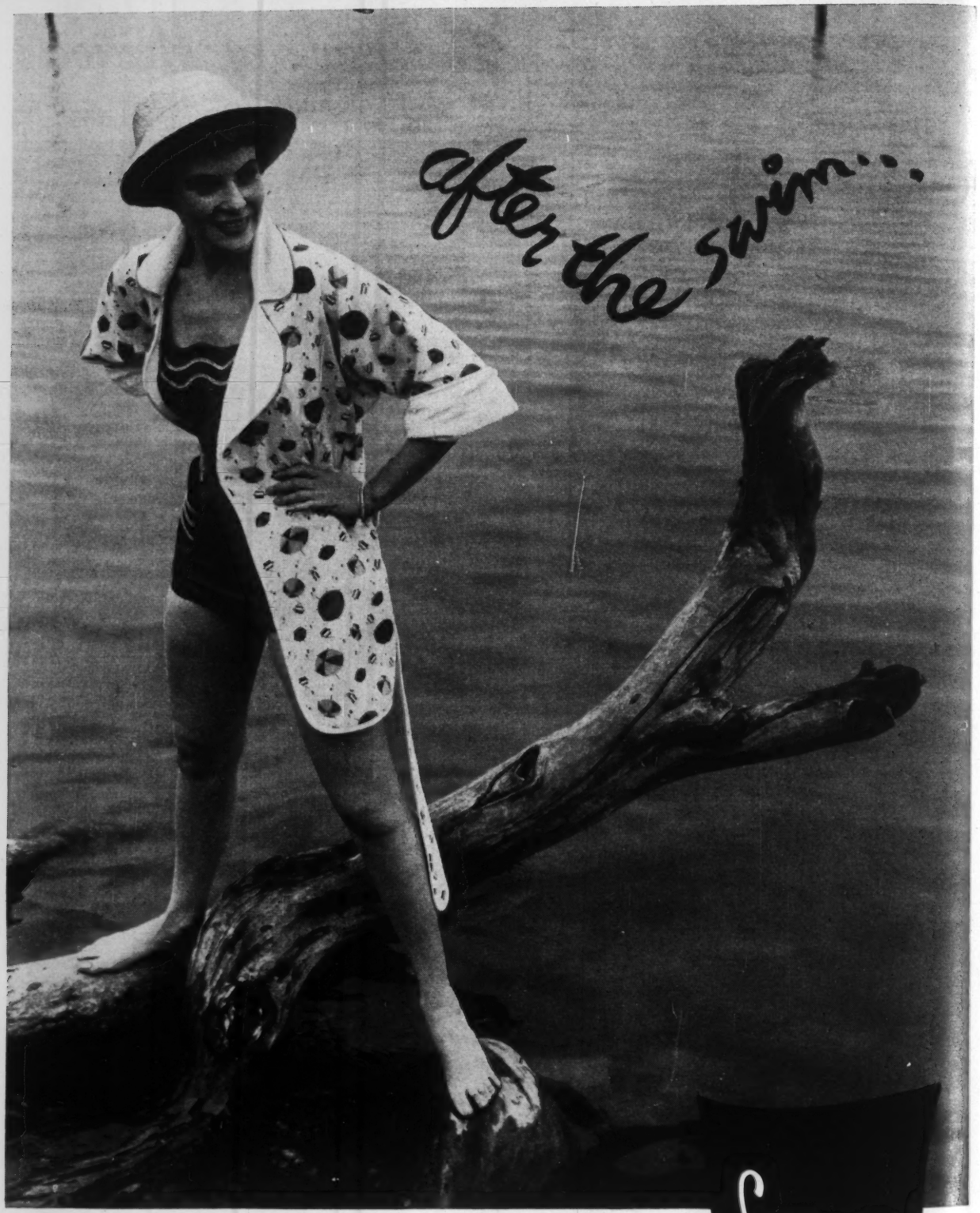
Born in Toronto, Reva Brooks has shown her photographs in many countries. Portraits have an important place in her work.

YOUNG FACE OF MEXICO

A portrait by Mrs. Brooks now hangs in New York's famed Museum of Modern Art and many are in major private collections.

A FAVORITE SUBJECT

The eternal bond of mother and child is a subject she often chooses. The camera gives the theme an immediacy denied the painter.



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Canada: Land Without A National Hero

By MORRIS BISHOP

THE NATIONAL HERO of the United States was, for many years, George Washington. He was the American ideal: the strong, practical fighting man, unyielding in adversity, wise and moderate in prosperity, and stoic, grim-faced, in both. His were the Roman virtues, in a time that adored Republican Rome. His were also the virtues of the landed aristocrat in a country of farm-dwellers, who respected an aristocracy of birth and character.

Little by little, the United States has pushed the marble statue of Washington into a shadowed corner, and has given the central place in its temple to Abraham Lincoln. For Lincoln, whose strength was dressed in a kindly, earthy, humorous manner, symbolizes the democratic ideal as Washington does not. The homely, ungainly Lincoln is the transfiguration of the common man. The humble can identify themselves with his humility. In loving Lincoln, they love the striving, idealistic part of themselves.

The national hero of the Spanish is the Cid, who saved Spain for Christianity. The national hero of the Germans is Frederick the Great, who united Germany and gave it the military power which Germans seem instinctively to crave. The national hero of the Swiss is William Tell, responsible for the formation of the Confederation. France, after a long infidelity with Napoleon, has returned to Joan of Arc. The case of the English is not so clear. Perhaps their hero is Nelson, who embodies the nation's admiration for gallantry, adventurousness, and charm. But I should say that the Englishman has chosen a heroine, Queen Victoria, symbol of Empire, of glory, of piety, of family virtues, all working together for prosperity in this world and salvation in the next.

It is natural and proper for a country to have a national hero. Most of us have difficulty in dealing with abstractions; we personify them in order to see and understand them. We need symbols in order to think. We see Virtue as a Saint, Evil as the Devil. John Bull, Uncle Sam, and Marianne clarify for us the characters of nations.

Evidently most nations feel the need of a national hero, to be a symbol of those virtues that the nation honors and shares and desires in fuller measure. The national hero represents the groping of a people for a national character. He establishes in human form the vague aspirations of a race. He may even be a myth. There is some doubt if William Tell ever actually existed; perhaps he came to life merely to fulfil the need of later times for a William Tell. The Hero may be subtly altered by his worshippers. All the facts about Lincoln are on display; yet we can speak calmly of "the Lincoln legend", and recognize that the average man has chosen what he needed from Lincoln's life, and has purified, rejected, or forgotten at will.

Canada has no national hero. Canada has not even, for the use of artists and cartoonists, a formalized type (or at least none that is recognizable outside of Canada).

The reason, of course, is obvious. Canada is the co-existence of two traditions, of race, language, and culture. The traditions were long hostile, and they have never exactly fallen in love. Both are so strong that neither could become dominant and absorb the other. Only recently has the community of character, ideal, and interest of all Canadians become clear. Inevitably, no figure has appeared whom all Canadians can unite to honor, until almost our own times. And such figures as Laurier and Mackenzie King are too close to us, too much involved in our own present concerns, to have a hero's glamour. The hero must possess the tragic dignity that is conferred by distance in space or time.

ONE MAN has, I think, the qualifications necessary to be the national hero of Canada. That is Samuel de Champlain.

He ascended the St. Lawrence to Montreal in 1603; thenceforth his life was given to Canada. In 1608 he founded Quebec, the first lasting settlement, the oldest city in North America north of the Spanish country. He explored Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and the coast of present New England. In his great journey of 1615 he twice crossed Ontario; his memory is honored in Orillia and Peterborough. He saw Newfoundland, perhaps landed there.

Miller Services

THE MEMORY of Samuel de Champlain is honored in Orillia by a bronze statue designed by Vernon March, the noted English sculptor.

Thus his history touches that of five Canadian provinces.

His achievements were very great. He kept the colony of Quebec alive during its first desperate years. He first, and almost alone, foresaw the future greatness of Canada. By his actions he prepared for that future; he helped to make it. The principles he laid down for his colony enabled Canada to live, a strong, self-sufficient, permanent community. His Indian policy brought the French to the Rocky Mountains and down the Mississippi to the Gulf, at a time when the English were still cautiously pushing westward to the Alleghanies.

He was the first Canadian, the first European who chose to live and die in Canada rather than in his home country. He stands far enough away in time so that the English Canadian hardly feels his Frenchness, his foreignness. Time does wonders in blurring nationalisms; we think of King David, of Socrates, of Julius Caesar, as Nordic blondes, speaking English. Historical novelists choose their heroes from any country, provided only that their names be pronounceable.

Champlain's adventures have the proper character for a hero-story. They are blood-stirring to read, heart-stirring to reflect upon. They are set in a background that most of us know, the land of endless dark,

Thirsty?

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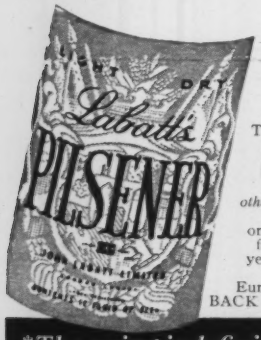

The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters from seven *other* breweries. Made to the original Pilsen formula with yeast specially flown from Europe. See the BACK of the label.

*The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

dripping forests, of shining stone-edged lakes, of foaming rivers, of deep snows and crackling cold.

He had the qualities of spirit which we should all like to claim as our own.

The mark of his spirit, was, I think, fortitude. This I define as the intellectual capacity to embrace great ideas, and the force and vigor to put them into execution, in despite of every opposition of Nature and man.

He was famous for his courage, in a time and place when all men, or nearly all, were courageous. (For Canadians may take to themselves the fine phrase of the native sons of California: "The cowards never started and the weaklings died by the way".)

His courage was supported by uncommon physical strength and endurance. When others fell ill, he remained on his feet. When others died, he lived. When others turned back, he went forward. He knew, as Canadians have always known, how to survive in the wilderness. He loved the wilderness, its privations, its dangers.

By his courage he made the unknown known; by his wisdom he established a Christian country in which Indian and white man would live together in peace. He dreamed of a Canada in which there would no longer be Europeans and Indians, but only Canadians. In his dream, the country would be pacified, God-fearing, and busy with the exploitation of natural resources. (He reckoned up the potential wealth of Canada, in fisheries, whale oil, forest and agricultural products, dyes, hemp, mines of silver and iron, textiles, furs, building stone, and hides; he estimated that exports could reach the sum of 5,400,000 livres annually. Naturally, everyone thought he was crazy.)

He was bold and wise; more, he was virtuous. The word is one of which we have come to be a little shy. But the fact is there, and we must face it: he was a good man, from the inward necessity imposed by the mysterious imperatives of character. This goodness, this fundamental rectitude, is not often the mark of founders of empires. They are mostly strong, hard, bold and tenacious men; they are not notably good. Champlain is one of the few great exceptions. His instinctive goodness communicated itself to his companions, and to some extent it helped to form the character of his beloved city, and to set a model for the Europeans' dealings with the Indians.

Champlain has, I think, every qualification for the role of national hero of Canada.

But you cannot say: "A national hero is a good thing. Therefore we shall appoint a national hero." You cannot even say: "We shall hold an election, and allow the people to choose the most popular candidate". You cannot impose a national hero. (Hitler tried it, with Horst Wessel; who remembers Horst Wessel now?) A national hero is organic, he is a growth. He is created by a million voluntary acts of admiration and love. You cannot command such acts.

You can, however, provide people with information which may inspire them to such acts. In Quebec the *Société Nationale Samuel de Champlain,* led by some high-minded idealists, is actually doing so, by publications, convocations, and gentle pressure on governmental authorities. The *Société* is trying to make universal throughout French Canada a consciousness of the greatness of Champlain.

Would it not be well for the rest of Canada to join in this enterprise? I can readily imagine, for instance, the provincial Ministries of Education interesting themselves in spreading the awareness of Champlain. I can picture a nation-wide Champlain Hour in the schools, with prizes for the best essays, with convocations and cinema showings, with dramatizations of the founding of Quebec, of a *tabagie* with the Indians, and so on. I can imagine a canoe-trip across Ontario, by vigorous young men in costume, following the course of the Huron invasion of Iroquoia in 1615.

It might work. If it should work, Canada would no longer have the rather unhappy distinction of being the country without a national hero.

•

A Catalogue Of Blue

Blue shadows write on winter's pages
Poems eclipsing earth's ages,

While blue jays in the winter wood
Make God more fully understood;

And blue birds' flight along snake fences
Is attar to the visual senses.

First bluet with the flash of Mars,
Hepaticas that shame the stars.

The aged, untroubled, azure mere
Slakes with deep coolth the furtive deer.

The glinting blue of star Polaris,
O radiance of the Christ's last Chalice!

And all the loveliness of skies
Epitomized in Helen's eyes.

The humming bird, poised, drinking crimson,
The damask on the bloom-blue damson;

The azure of the Virgin's kirtle;
O brow of Raphael crowned with myrtle!

Blue frosty mists on far off hills
Daub sunsets gold as daffodils.

Eruption of the atom bomb,
Ironic blue when life has gone.

But steel blue in the eyes of death
Must still man's heart and halt his breath.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Letter from Montreal

Severe Attack of Subway Subversion

By Hugh MacLennan

IN TALKING to a variety of Montrealers over the past few weeks, I have acquired the unmistakable feeling that although this city has lost none of its complacency, it is certainly losing some of its self-confidence. I no more expect Montreal to be envious of Toronto than I expect Boston to be envious of Chicago, but ten years hence, unless there is a miraculous change in our way of doing things around here, the rest of the country will be taking it for granted that Toronto has left us as far behind in the race of progress as Chicago has left Boston.

This may not be as catastrophic as it sounds, considering where progress leads these days. But it will seem catastrophic to the Montreal Chamber of Commerce, a group which has never expressed admiration for the Buddhist's vision of Nirvana. The Montreal Chamber of Commerce, together with most centrally located merchants and even a few of those mysterious men known by the general appellation "St. James Street", have at last professed an awareness that things in Montreal are no longer as convenient as they used to be.

"We're losing money every day," one of them remarked darkly to another. By this he did not mean that he was actually losing money. He meant that he could make a lot more if things were different.

I'm talking, of course, about the effect produced here by the new Toronto subway. Montrealers who made business trips to the Ontario capital in recent weeks have returned disgruntled. Those gold-and-maroon cars rolling so suavely under Yonge Street have actually been seen, and we now look at our own antiquated trams and feel that somebody ought to be ashamed of them. "Unless we build a subway too, we'll have to surrender the business leadership of Canada." Statisticians say that Montreal surrendered this leadership some time ago, but they must be wrong. How could a shrewd old town like ours surrender something without knowing it?

The Toronto subway has been an enormous annoyance to us here. Until it was built, we saw no reason why Toronto needed it, for the Toronto streets (even when half of them were torn up) were not nearly so congested as ours. You could always drive about five miles in Toronto in the time it took to cover a mile here. By finishing this subway, Toronto has not only made the rest of the country accuse us of a lack of enterprise, it has made us question our own ability to match the feat.

"Suppose we *do* build a subway," I heard a man say only the other day. "How long before it caves in?"

For years it has been our habit in Montreal to assume that anything constructed by the city is likely to cave in. We are as proud of our civic administration as the French are proud of their inability to form a government. We enjoy our City Hall as the courtiers of Louis XV enjoyed the disasters of the Seven Years War—it provided them with so many splendid jokes. On the few occasions when the city does an unqualifiedly good job, we are always mildly disappointed, for we derive an immense psychological satisfaction when one of our civic projects needs repairs before it is finished.

Yesterday I was reminded that City Hall is still living up to the expectations of the twenty-two per cent of the electorate who voted during the last election when I was wakened by four pneumatic drills that sounded as though they were boring through the wall beside my bed. Investigation revealed a gang tearing up the sidewalk in front of the apartment where I live. That same sidewalk had been laid less than two years ago, but six months later snow-scrapers dug a lot of it up and pushed it into the street, where trucks picked it up and carted it away. So now the superintendents of apartment buildings along the street feel that their prescience of two years ago has been justified.

"I knew this was going to happen," one of them shouted at me while I stood in the doorway half-deafened by the roar of the drills. "When they built this sidewalk the first time, and I saw how they were mixing the cement, I knew it would be like this. Like that water main down on Sherbrooke Street. When I watched them working on that, I knew it was sure to burst. Did you see it when it did? The gusher went as high as the top of the Medical Arts Building."

But this cheerful acceptance of the traditional *status quo* is no longer shared, as once it seemed to be, by the higher income groups in Montreal, and their loss of confidence is a new phenomenon. Mark you, it's not a loss of self-esteem, for the high income groups in Montreal have never blamed themselves for the city's way of doing things. The French aristocrats suffered no loss of *amour propre* when they heard Fouquier-Tinville condemn them to the guillotine. All they suffered was a feeling of insecurity. And a growing feeling of insecurity has been apparent here for some time, for most of us have been forced to realize that our traditional way of doing things in Montreal is not adjusted to the pace of life in the middle-twentieth century.

The traditional way of doing things in Montreal has been for St. James Street and the politicians to reach an understanding by a process of extra-sensory perception so subtle they found it unnecessary to complicate agreements by putting them into writing. Quite possibly St. James Street and City Hall still do understand each other, but if so, the understanding no longer seems effective. The rise of Canadian nationalism, followed by the development of a strong government

Curtin

THE TORONTO subway "has been an enormous annoyance" to Montrealers.

ROLLS-ROYCE OF CANADA

All Branches Contributed To Record Achievement

The forty-seventh annual general meeting of Rolls-Royce Limited will be held on July 7 at Derby, England.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Hives, C.H., M.B.E., LL.D., D.Sc.:—

The accounts reflect the increased activity which prevailed throughout 1953 in all branches of our organisation and the turnover of the group reached a new high level.

It is also satisfactory to record a further increase in our revenue from royalties; almost all of this comes from our foreign licensees.

The steadily increasing demand for the Company's products both at home and abroad, particularly in the aero engine field, calls for a corresponding increase in working capital. Your Directors are therefore proceeding with plans for the issue of £4 millions of 4 per cent. Debenture Stock, redeemable 1974-84.

Your Directors have also decided to recommend that the Issued Capital of the Company should be brought more in line with the capital employed, and to achieve this they propose an issue of Bonus Shares in the proportion of one Bonus Share for every £2 of Stock already held, thus raising the Issued Capital of the Company to £6 million. It is considered desirable at the same time to increase the Authorised Capital of the Company to £10 million, although there is no immediate intention of making any further issue.

The outstanding commercial achievement of the year has been the substantial increase in business done for customers other than the British Government. This business amounted to £21 million, and in exports alone our turnover rose to more than £11 million — nearly double any previous year.

AERO ENGINES

In addition to the production of many marks of Avon engines, including the RA.14 with a thrust of 9,500 lb., no fewer than five other types of engine were being made in production quantities.

The Canberra aircraft, fitted with Avon engines, is now well established in squadron service with the Royal Air Force. We are building up a fund of experience on this engine which is of great value to us in our continuing development for both military and civil purposes. It is interesting to record that the Avon engine was the power unit in both the British aeroplanes which established world speed records.

The Vickers Viscount, in which our Dart engines are installed, is building up a first-class reputation with the travelling public. These aircraft have now been ordered by twelve different operators, and the world-wide interest which is being shown in this aircraft augurs well for further orders for propeller turbine engines.

The development of the Conway engine for operation over long distances has gone on steadily, and this engine is scheduled for installation in the four-engined Vickers-Armstrongs aircraft, the V.1000, which is a military transport.

We have a large stake in civil aviation both as it exists today and in future projects. The useful experience which we are accumulating on the operation of propeller turbine engines in air line operation points the way for still further development of this type of engine, and we are already well advanced in being able to offer improved specifications which we believe will be of world-wide interest to aircraft designers.

The year has seen still further developments in the design and specification of our cars which have helped to consolidate the prestige we enjoy in the motor industry. The most important of these developments is probably the availability of the fully automatic gearbox on all models, both at home and abroad. The boxes are completely manufactured in the Crewe factory under licence from the General Motors Corporation of America.

It is interesting to record that our products are in use in 39 countries.

Rolls-Royce of Canada Limited have made good progress in establishing their position as a base for sales promotion and after-sales service of all the Company's products. They have also brought into full use their own manufacturing capacity which was created to support the programme under which Nene engines are being installed in large numbers in Canadian aircraft. The first engines fully representative of Canadian production will shortly be delivered.

Our engineering and servicing facilities will be fully occupied when Viscount aircraft are introduced into service by Trans-Canada Air Lines during 1954. Rolls-Royce of Canada Limited expended £330,000 on fixed assets during the year, completing the building and equipping of the Canadian factory. The total capital cost of this establishment has so far amounted to £993,000.

It is just fifty years ago since the first meeting between The Hon. C. S. Rolls and Henry Royce which led to the formation of our Company. Our history has been one of unbroken progress in technical achievement.

I have been fortunate in being able to present in this report a picture of continuing expansion, particularly in connection with our aero engine business. We believe that we can foresee for some years ahead a steadily increasing demand for the Company's products.

in Quebec, has interfered with the way Montreal was able to run both Canada and itself. So long as Canada remained colonial-minded, our traditional techniques worked fairly well, and no responsible person could argue that the government of Montreal before the war was inferior to that of Egypt in the time of the Sirdar.

The war upset all our traditional arrangements here, just as it upset them in Egypt. To his great surprise, we lost Mayor Houde for the duration. Then, as the war grew larger and larger, St. James Street came to realize that Ottawa was much stronger than they had thought it was. By the time the war was over, one flank of St. James Street was in the air and the attempt to anchor the other flank on Premier Duplessis failed to turn out as happily as had been expected. Meanwhile Camillien Houde had returned to Montreal and been re-elected. But it was a different Houde from the old one, and under the new arrangements in City Hall he was given little more power than that accorded an official greeter. Today, if you ask the average Montrealer who *does* have real power in the civic government, he is likely to scratch his head and try to recall some names. Under such conditions it is obvious that no subway is going to be authorized by City Hall.

For years John Collins, who draws cartoons for the *Gazette* in a good-natured way, has been trying to fight for all Montrealers who have to ride our trams. None of our officials have ever concerned themselves, so far as any of us can see, with the hundreds of thousands of citizens who stand from forty to ninety minutes in packed street cars on their way to and from work. But now these hundreds of thousands have heard about Toronto and they actually *want* a subway. They even go to the extent of criticizing our administration for incompetence because we didn't have a subway long ago. And the merchants of Montreal, alarmed by the statisticians, have been forced to the conclusion that in this horrid modern age a city without a subway is bound to fall behind a city which has one.

This alarm seems well-founded, for even the Russians understood that subways matter. When the Communists decided to re-establish Moscow as Russia's capital, one of their first acts was to build a subway under it.

Nobody in Montreal, not even our high Tories, has seriously suggested that Communists were behind the Toronto subway project, but I wouldn't be telling the whole truth about our state of mind if I didn't mention that I have recently heard Toronto and Moscow mentioned in the same breath. Meanwhile no progress is being made here. We're probably waiting for Duplessis to build the subway for us, for we know perfectly well that we won't build it for ourselves.

Foreign Affairs

Decline of France Shakes the World

By Willson Woodside

IT IS unfortunate for Mendès-France, and perhaps for France herself, that he should have come to power in the circumstances in which he did. His basic claim to recognition is that he is a man with an economic New Deal for France, a plan for reform which the country needs desperately. But he comes to office with the dead cat of Indo-China tied to him, with bristling national problems in North Africa and the European Army question to deal with before he can ever get properly squared away on his New Deal.

It was a lot to assume that he could find a constant majority in the present Assembly to support him in his economic policies; it is preposterous to assume that, despite his whopping confirmation vote as premier, he can keep a cabinet together and the Assembly behind it, through a retreat in Indo-China, a grant of home rule to Tunisia and Morocco, a compromise of some sort on the European Army *and* a New Deal.

If Mendès-France can do that, he is a much stronger man than even his friends have taken him to be. One can go further, much further, and say that he would have defied and disproved what is the law of this Assembly: that "there is a majority for every problem, but it is a different majority". There is a combination of parties, or of votes, that is to say, which would pass even the European Army, as there is another which will accept virtual surrender of Indo-China, and still another which would back a New Deal. But each of these efforts would require a new cabinet.

Laniel stayed in office for a year by avoiding a decision on any of these problems. It would be much to assume that the Assembly has learned that this course has proven disastrous for the country, and is bent on changing its ways. Had it gained such humility, it would have voted Laniel out by a clear majority of over 314 votes, and thus ensured dissolution and a new election.

Instead, Laniel was ousted by a carefully arranged vote of 306 to 293, providing, as one observer said, "just what the opposition wanted: the maximum of humiliation for M. Laniel with the minimum of danger of a general election". This observer, the respected Washington correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Richard L. Strout, was watching the French Assembly in action for the first time. He says that "almost through the pores of the body the parliamentary observer from another country could sense the lacerating bitterness, the emotional division, the stultifying indecision" that prevents the French deputies from settling their problems.

It is by no means impossible that the unexpectedly large right-wing vote for Mendès-France was as carefully calculated as that which ousted Laniel, intended not to help him, but to get him out of the way by giving him his turn now, expecting that he will break his teeth on the Indo-China, North African and EDC questions, and never get around to his New Deal.

Miller

MENDES-FRANCE: He would cut France down to size.

Insomuch as it is sincere, however, the vote for Mendès-France is a vote for ending the Indo-China war. He has been insisting for the past year that there couldn't be a New Deal and a real recovery of France's strength in Europe until the burden of Indo-China was cast-off. He has called for direct negotiations with Ho Chi-minh, and been extremely critical of Bidault's conduct at Geneva.

It is for this reason that the MRP or Popular Republican Party of Bidault and Schuman—the party that has retained custody of France's foreign office since the war—abstained in a body from voting for Mendès-France.

Mendès-France is to be his own Foreign Minister, and the fact that the one French party that has held consistently to the policy of a United Europe and an Anglo-U.S. alliance ever since the war does not trust Mendès-France is not a good recommendation. He has made it clear in the past that he thinks France has made herself too dependent on the United States, and has spoken of a close Franco-British association as a "new force for peace"—which sounds like the old "third force" idea.

He has long claimed that France was trying to carry out tasks, at home and abroad, which were beyond her means. He would "reconsider" the problem of national defence—which sounds like a reduction of the French forces. He would find some compromise on the European Army question. And he has come out in his latest speech to parliament in favor of home rule for Tunisia and Morocco.

There is no doubt that here is a man of character, telling the French people, as few of their politicians have done, that they no longer have the strength to carry on what de Gaulle calls a "*politique de grandeur*" and Bidault referred to only last year as France's "world mission". Mendès-France suddenly reveals to the world the France which close observers have seen for some years, a France which must scuttle from Asia, which can no longer hold down the unrest in its North African colonies, which dares not join with West Germany in a European Army—a France which is shrinking before our eyes.

If anyone is disposed to say: "So what? They can't even govern themselves, so how can they expect to govern others?", let him be reminded that this France has been our constant ally during this century and is not only one of the great repositories of the Western civilization we are defending but has been placed by geography right in the middle of the front we are trying to hold in Asia and in Europe. A withdrawal from the one front and a shrinkage of the French role on the other would have tremendous repercussions on our world policy, that is, the world policy of the Western bloc to which Canada adheres.

We would be bound to bring Western Germany into NATO as fast as this could be arranged, even though this, in turn, might strengthen those elements in France who have been talking of a revival of the Franco-Soviet alliance, to keep Germany in check. And we might very well have to adopt selective service in Canada.

It is very easy to criticize the French for their failings, but that's not going to help us now. Whether or not France will accept the only terms of surrender in Indo-China which Mendès-France can get on the basis of "peace in thirty days or I resign", our defensive front is due for such a shaking as it has not received in years.

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Ottawa Letter

Wheat Is Still the Headache

By John A. Stevenson

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS worked overtime in the closing days of the session, but no credit for this industry and some black marks for a poor appreciation of their responsibilities should be given to the substantial group of members who anticipated prorogation by rushing homeward a week or more before it was achieved. One of Ottawa's heatwaves tended to fray the tempers of the dutiful members, who stayed at their posts, but it also helped to get estimates, which constituted the chief business, through with greater celerity than at an earlier stage.

The wheat problem continued to plague Ministers. Members from the prairie country on the opposition benches continued their attacks upon the Government's grain-marketing policy and demands for a protective stabilization of the fortunes of western agriculture. They enlarged upon the more favorable position of the American graingrower, who can still get $2.21 per bushel for the same quality of wheat for which the Canadian farmer is now getting $1.72.

By far the deepest pool of illwill in the present House of Commons is the persistent feud between the Liberal and CCF contingents from Saskatchewan and during this debate it was stirred up to foaming point by both sides. In this sectional fracas, J. H. Harrison (L., Meadow Lake) confirmed the truth of the adage that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Apparently he had been delving into Greek history for ammunition against the CCF and quoted gleefully extracts from a speech made by the Greek orator Demosthenes to prove that the record of the CCF as double-talkers and double-dealers had only been matched by "Philip of Greece". Unfortunately, it was Philip of Macedon, who was the target of the orator's attack; Mr. Harrison had obviously got this bygone warrior mixed up with the only known Prince Philip of Greece, the consort of Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. Gardiner, who had replaced Mr. Howe as the chief defender of the Government's policy, has become so serene and mellow that he even had words of praise for the late Lord Bennett as the originator of compulsory marketing of wheat. He was a model of courtesy towards his opponents in challenging with a plethora of statistics, which they would not accept, the accuracy of their doleful picture of the present plight of our farmers. When divisions were taken, the ranks of the Liberals were unbroken and they got the support of the Tories to defeat by 168 to 26 a CCF amendment, which demanded the establishment of a floor price of $1.82½ cents per bushel for wheat. But, when the CCF supported a milder Tory amendment, which regretted the failure of the Government to deal effectively with the problem of Canada's wheat surplus, the Government's majority fell to 79, the vote being 137 to 68.

In the later discussion of his estimates Mr. Gardiner had to admit ruefully that the Government's transactions in its program of price support for beef and pork had resulted in a total loss of $65.3 million. When Mr. Drew charged that some of the deals had given Russia a large quantity of canned pork at bargain-counter prices, both Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Howe avowed blissful ignorance of the ultimate destination of most of the Government's pork.

THE VOTERS of the Lethbridge division of Alberta, who have five times since 1935 elected J. H. Blackmore as their representative at Ottawa, will really have to revise their views about his merits for this role. His championship of the egregious Senator McCarthy earlier in the session was condoned as the result of an increasing eccentricity, but his amazing performance during a discussion of the vote for the International Shortwave Service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has finally established him as one of the most farcical figures that has ever sat in the Commons. In a vigorous assault upon certain policies of the CBC, he accused it of showing in its choice of broadcasters a deplorable partiality for subtle purveyors of Communist propaganda, and in this category of sinners he named William Boss, the well-known war-correspondent; Dr. Brock Chisholm, the eminent psychiatrist; Charles Woodsworth, the editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*, and J. B. McGeachy, an editorial writer of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. But he did not produce an iota of serious evidence about the alleged Communist sympathies of these distinguished commentators and it obviously did not occur to him that in demanding that they be banned from the air he was following the best traditions of the Communist dictators, whom he regards with such abhorrence.

Books

Canadian Satire, Symposium and Song

By Robertson Davies

IT IS PLEASANT to have three books of importance to Canada at hand for review in the issue of this paper which comes during the week of our national holiday. The first, and of the most immediate general interest, is a satirical novel; the next is a symposium of opinion on several subjects of Canadian concern, from the Canada's Tomorrow Conference held in Quebec City in November, 1953; the third is a book of Canadian folk songs. All are interesting, and I am happy to recommend them to the audiences for which they are intended.

Ralph Allen's novel, *The Chartered Libertine,* is a lively, satirical treatment of some of the problems which arise from our strange, dualist system of broadcasting. But the book is more than this; it is a sharp criticism of the quality of much Canadian thinking and feeling. In the second book, *Canada's Tomorrow*, the chairman of the Department of Sociology at Laval University, Jean-C. Falardeau, is quoted as having spoken thus, referring to the somewhat thin quality of so much of our Canadian artistic production: "The most potent prohibiting factor, in my opinion, has been, in English-speaking Canada, the puritanical mentality which has strait-jacketed the free expression of imagination and of boldness; in French Canada, its equivalent, the strong sanctions of a jansenistic mentality. . ." The third book, without seeking to do so, gives weight to this point of view; in Folk Songs of Canada we find, of course, that all but a very few of our folk songs have been imported from elsewhere and that in far too many cases the Canadian versions of the tunes, and the Canadian words, are inferior to these folk songs in their earlier forms.

Satire is a potent weapon against puritanism and Jansenism, and Mr. Allen has dealt his enemy some resounding wallops. But it is not only these manifestations of our national spirit that he attacks; the crass materialism of midget minds, and a type of fake religion which is hardly puritanical in any direct sense, but is reprehensible as an abuse of the spirit, also come under his lash. When he is writing about the excesses of radio, about political horse trading, and about fascism disguised as religious zeal, he is first-rate.

There are other elements in his book which are not handled with such a sure touch. The satire is in the form of farce —farce in its best sense; but there are passages of sentiment which do not mingle easily with the farcical elements in his story. Farce and sentiment are not incompatible, but they must be in complementary keys, and the modulations from one to the other must be managed very carefully. In *The Chartered Libertine* there is a sense of haste in the writing which does not permit such modulation; we jump from farce to sentiment and back again in a fashion that could have been avoided if the author had allowed his book to run to 300 pages,

RALPH ALLEN: Lively satire.

instead of 270. And as a result of this hastiness of technique, I feel that the passages of sentiment, acceptable as they are in themselves, are not integrated with the passages of farce, and the greater power of the latter necessarily creates a feeling of uneven accomplishment.

There are creations in this book which made me laugh out loud, only to nod my head in sad agreement a moment later. The antics of Garfield Smith, the evangelistic outbursts of Michael Quildinning, the moral hullabaloo of LIGHT (League for the Incorporation of Godly and Humanistic Training) are not exclusively Canadian, any more than our folk songs are, but it is a sad reflection that Canada is one of the few civilized countries left in the world where such shoddiness could be taken seriously.

Good satire can only be written by men who care deeply about the abuses they attack. Mr. Allen's satire is the work of a man racked by indignation. He has lanced a few Canadian boils with a skill that commands our gratitude and admiration.

Books of satiric intent still have a small and neglected place in our Canadian literature, but large volumes of exhortation and debate about every aspect of Canadian life are common enough. *Canada's Tomorrow* is a good book, and no one can read it without changing his ideas about several important aspects of our country. It is sober, well-informed, cautiously optimistic and helpful in spirit —everything, in fact, that such books are, at their best. It is handsomely produced, and contains excellent decorations—in one of which Canada is represented symbolically, and perhaps correctly, as a young man with baggy pants, large biceps and a small head. But having said all of these things, I confess that I sighed when I picked it up.

We have had so many of these excellent books! And we read them with so much earnest goodwill, so much patient willingness to be instructed about our future and our past. But O, how the heart yearns for a few more good novels, some poems which could water the baking asphalt of the Canadian scene, some plays to bring us joy, and a longer shelf of rowdy, sousing satire!

We are not a singing nation. We have some excellent choirs, of course, and we have produced some singers upon whom the world has put the stamp of its approval. But, as a people, we do not sing. A friend of mine was warned by a policeman, a few weeks ago, because he was walking home, perfectly sober, singing to himself at eleven o'clock at night. And the way we treat that noble tune, our National Anthem! The fact that God so consistently *does* save the Queen, considering the musically disrespectful style in which He is nagged to do so, is a constant evidence of His goodness.

Considering that our musical expression is not vocal, it is surprising that we have as many good folk songs as are collected in the volume brought forth by Edith Fulton Fowke and Richard Johnston. Collections of Canadian folk songs are not numerous. Although I do not pretend to expert knowledge in this field, the only such collections I know of are some Indian songs (set down by Sir Ernest MacMillan), a book of French Canadian songs (with English versions by the late Murray Gibbon) and two books of Newfoundland songs (with accompaniments by Vaughan Williams). The new book gives us sea songs, prairie songs, river songs, ballads, love songs and Christmas songs; it will certainly be popu-

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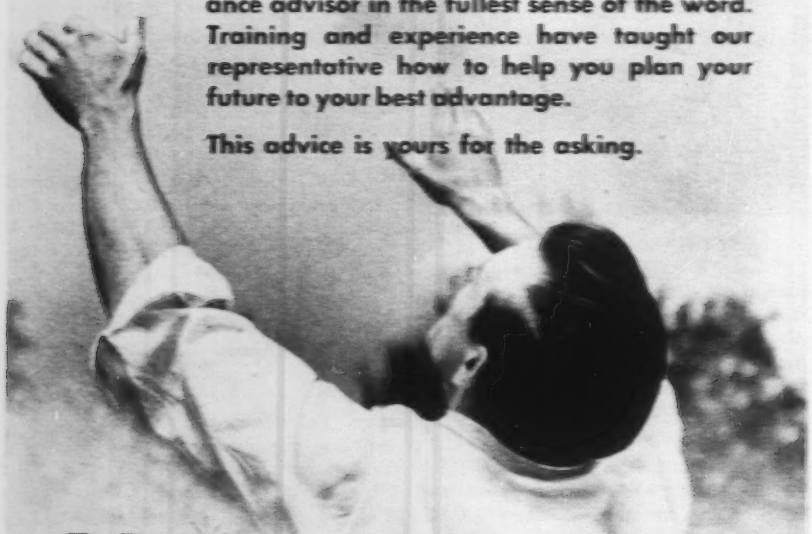

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lar, for no single book of Canadian songs gives so complete a selection, and in addition many of these songs will be new to most Canadians who are not professionally interested in this field. It is odd, by the way, that radio, which has done so much to kill our instinct to sing for our own pleasure, has encouraged the finding and preservation of folk-song.

As I have already remarked earlier it is sad that we have not preserved some of the songs that came to us from over the sea in forms as beautiful as they had and still have, at home. A tendency to iron the ornamental vagaries out of the tunes, and to regularize the time, is noticeable in so many cases that we may be justified in thinking that this is the characteristic Canadian treatment of a song. And it must have been an unself-conscious treatment, too, for the editors of the present book present the songs just as they received them from local singers, or as they were noted down by earlier searchers for this sort of treasure. Musically, these songs range in quality from the flat-footed yearning of *Blood on the Saddle* to the exquisite beauty of *She's Like the Swallow*. The words are rarely distinguished, but at least we are spared the embarrassment of "If my old top were a dancing-man" for "Ah! si mon moine voullait danser", and "On, roll on, my ball I roll on" for "En roulant ma boule roulant". The pianoforte accompaniments are simple — so simple, indeed, that we sometimes wish they had been enriched in order to suggest the character of the song more fully — and this is a book that every musical family ought to own.

THE CHARTERED LIBERTINE—by Ralph Allen—pp. 270—*Macmillan*—$3.50.

CANADA'S TOMORROW — edited by J. F. Gilmour—pp. 224—*Macmillan*—$3.50.

FOLK SONGS OF CANADA—by E. F. Dowie and Richard Johnston—pp. 190—*Waterloo Music Co.*—$4.95.

•

Invert

Casting about for love, when his eye
rested, even for a moment,
His longing poured forth a whole cataract of worship and prayer
Over the miraculous cause of his conversion.
Up went the pillar and the arching roof
While lights flared in the chancel, and a boy at the altar
Offered a single candle to the Madonna.
But always he came away with his own lost soul
Wrapped round the cold stone that he would not face
Till, lonely amid the flux, his ego turned
And creeping back upon its source was left
Beside its own true love, himself, in the crypt of his heart.

F. R. Scott

The Truth About McCarthy: Waterboy for the Lobbies

By JACK ANDERSON and RONALD W. MAY: PART V

SENATOR MCCARTHY played the part of the newcomer to Congress for a few months, obeying the Senate tradition that freshmen lawmakers should be seen and not heard. But soon he began to squirm and fidget in his seat on the majority side of the Eightieth Congress. He watched some of the senior Senators hold forth regally for hours on end, and he noticed that their remarks often showed up in the press next day. And when it came to a choice between tradition and publicity, Joe chose publicity.

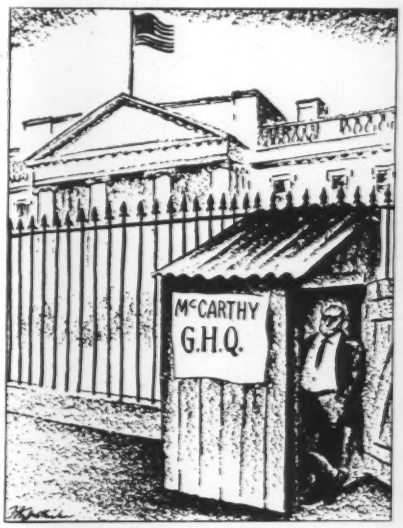
One of his first efforts to this end came in conjunction with Senator Alexander Wiley, McCarthy's senior colleague from Wisconsin. Wiley took McCarthy by the hand, and together they introduced various bills and amendments to modify the tax laws on furs. Some of the measures passed, and some did not. But the fur farmers of Wisconsin—a powerful group—learned that they had another voice in the Senate. As McCarthy told a reporter, after pushing a law favorable to the fur interests: "Now the fur farmers think I'm God."

Meanwhile Joe was building up a close friendship with the ill-fated John Maragon, the ex-bootblack who had free run of the White House until his five-percenter activities were found out and his headquarters transferred to Petersburg Penitentiary. This friendship began, like many of McCarthy's liaisons, with a party. The affair was promoted by Maragon, who had an axe to grind. Together with Milton R. Polland, lobbyist for the Allied Molasses Company, Maragon was trying to straighten out some of the company's difficulties with the Agriculture Department. Polland suggested a little "blowout" in honor of McCarthy on February 2, 1947, figuring that it would never hurt to curry the favor of even the newest Senators.

It was a time in the life of John Maragon when he needed all the Senatorial goodwill he could promote. His "client," Allied Molasses Company, was on the Agriculture Department's black list for finagling a million and a half gallons of high-grade sugar-cane syrup at a time when sugar was scarce and closely rationed. Allied Molasses refined the syrup and sold it to the Pepsi-Cola Company. The Agriculture Department promptly clamped a restraint on Allied Molasses, preventing the company from receiving its quota of molasses until the million and a half gallons for Pepsi-Cola were made up.

When the government lifted controls on molasses, all the company's troubles were over. But Pepsi-Cola still champed at the bit over sugar controls, which had not yet been removed. So from Maragon and molasses, Joe shifted his attention to Pepsi-Cola and another colorful friend—handsome, cavalier Russell M. Arundel, wealthy sportsman, gentleman farmer, gilt-edged lobbyist, and self-styled Prince of Outer Baldonia. This mysterious province consisted of an island off the coast of Nova Scotia, where the Prince was in the habit of taking guests for week-end fishing trips.

The free-spending Arundel was the Washington spokesman for a long list of sugar interests, including Puerto Rican



Fitzpatrick in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch
THE CHALLENGE.

firms whose Spanish names he himself had difficulty in remembering. He owned the Pepsi-Cola bottling plant on Long Island and, for a while, the Pepsi-Cola plant supplying northern Virginia.

Along with Arundel, McCarthy included Pepsi-Cola President Walter Mack in his widening circle of friends. Joe shared breakfasts, lunches, and suppers with Mack, and turned up at Pepsi-Cola lobbying parties. So it was a natural sequence that Arundel (who has since denied that his connection with McCarthy had anything to do with sugar) and Mack should take up their sugar problems with Senator Joe. He carried the ball so openly that he became known in Washington newspaper circles as the "Pepsi-Cola Kid". He started off by introducing a bill "to prevent sugar hoarding and to continue export controls, as a gradual way out of rationing". This was the first blow in a successful fight to defeat sugar rationing at a time when sugar was still extremely scarce.

Step by step, McCarthy set about "proving" that there was ample sugar on hand.

Another Senator, a Bible-quoting veteran of many a hard-fought debate, sat back and watched this manoeuvring through narrowing eyes. Senator Charles Tobey hailed from New Hampshire, where many of his constituents devoted long months to canning, a process that requires a lot of sugar. And he noticed that the McCarthy bill was aimed at providing more sugar for industrial users, to the detriment of housewives. But Joe claimed to be on the housewives' side and announced: "Within the past ten minutes I have received word from the Department of Agriculture that they . . . wish to discuss with us the possibility of agreeing to make available to the housewife during the third quarter — that is, during the canning season — a total allotment of 20 pounds of sugar. . . ."

Suspicious of McCarthy, Senator Tobey walked to a telephone and called Agriculture Secretary Clinton Anderson. When he had his answer, Tobey took the floor. "The Department of Agriculture's announced position was misrepresented by the Senator from Wisconsin today," he said. "Here is the answer which came from Secretary Anderson just three minutes ago, over the telephone, to me: 'I authorize you to state that I have not at any time made a statement that we can give more sugar for home consumption now . . . there is no more sugar available for home consumption. But if any more does come across the horizon, we will allocate it to the housewives.' That is Secretary Anderson's statement, and it refutes the statement which has been made by the Senator from Wisconsin."

But McCarthy continued his attack on the over-all bill. The Senate had fixed March 31, 1948, as the tentative date for lifting sugar controls. McCarthy, seeing that it would be impossible to kill sugar rationing on the spot, set about shortening its life. His amendment to lift controls five months earlier — by October 31, 1947 — passed, despite a ringing oration by Tobey.

Ironically, Senator McCarthy voted against the final version of the bill, even though it incorporated many of his own scuttling amendments. Joe was angry because the Senators had turned down the amendment closest to his heart — to give the industrial users an equal share with the consuming public of any extra allocation of sugar.

After the tumult and uproar of the sugar debate, an interesting sequel took place in quiet and confidence. Joe's roller-

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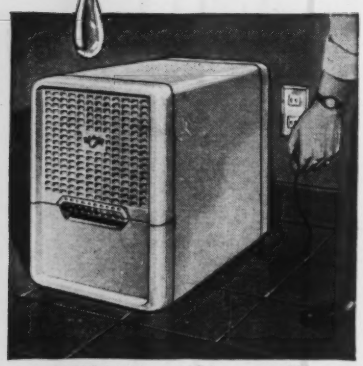

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coaster ride on the stock market had taken a sudden dive, and he desperately needed more security to keep from being derailed. So he found a friend who would make good his note for $20,000. The friend's name: Russell M. Arundel, the Prince of Outer Baldonia.

EARLY ALL THROUGH the first session of the Eightieth Congress in 1947, Senator Joe McCarthy thrashed about looking for issues. He watched other Senators bask in the glitter of the spotlight day after day, while he struggled along unspectacularly in the syrupy interests of Pepsi-Cola.

Briefly he considered the issue of Communism as a vehicle for lifting his name into the headlines. He introduced a bill aimed at encouraging labor unions to inform on any Communists in their midst and forcing management to fire them. But Senator Robert Taft of Ohio was on his feet in a minute. "In the first place, is it necessary to compel employers to fire Communists?" he asked. "Can we not trust the employers to do it without writing into the bill a specific clause requiring them to do it?" McCarthy thought not. But objections were so violent that he let the bill drop.

After jabbing at a dozen different issues, Joe finally came into full stature with a two-fisted, roughhouse attack on public housing. The result was another nickname for the man already known as "Tail-Gunner Joe" and the "Pepsi-Cola Kid"; now he was dubbed "the water boy of the real estate lobby" — a name bestowed on him by Mayor Wendt of Racine, Wisconsin. "The homeless people of Wisconsin can thank Senator McCarthy for keeping them homeless," the Mayor observed. Spokesmen for other states said the same, and then sat back and tried to figure how it all came to pass.

The real explanation probably began with Walter Harnischfeger, a Milwaukee industrialist, who was quick to see that the man who could mass-build inexpensive houses in the post-war era would make a fortune. But standing between Harnischfeger and his dream of assembly-line houses stood the spectre of public housing, which promised to solve the housing shortage on a national basis.

McCarthy and Senator Chappie Revercomb of West Virginia asked Congress to set up a committee to investigate housing conditions all over the nation. The resolution got the approval of both houses of Congress, and a special fourteen-man committee was formed. But to Joe's dismay he discovered that the committee had a conscience — the same strait-laced Senator Tobey who had mixed with McCarthy before. To make matters worse, Tobey was the senior Republican and was entitled to the chairmanship under the unwritten rules of Senate seniority.

On August 19, the Housing Committee met on short notice to go through the motions of picking its chairman and vice-chairman. Five members of the Committee were absent, but they had entrusted their votes to others. McCarthy held one such proxy, and Tobey held four. This would have assured Tobey the chairmanship. But with the press and the public shut out of the meeting, Freshman McCarthy slyly moved that no proxies be accepted. Representative Wright Patman of Texas was flabbergasted. The wishes of absentees, he said, had been observed for twenty years, and he saw no reason why that long-standing tradition should be changed at the whim of a rookie Senator. Senator John Sparkman of Alabama pointed out that many members of the Committee had not received notice of the meeting until it was too late, and that the only way they could vote would be by proxy.

But Joe knew the deck was stacked. For days before, he had made frantic phone calls to make sure that all Committee members who opposed public housing would be present. With the majority in the room on his side, Joe's motion to ignore proxies passed. This put McCarthy in the driver's seat; he made Representative Ralph Gamble, of New York, chairman and modestly took the vice-chairmanship for himself.

BY WITH this and similar manoeuvres, McCarthy was able to take command of the housing probe and subvert it to the interests of the real-estate lobby. Gamble, chairman of the Committee, soon became nothing more than a figurehead. When the Committee went on the road to hold its hearings, it was McCarthy who presided. His every move was calculated to show public housing in its worst light and private building in its best. The answer, he said—glancing in the general direction of his friend Harnischfeger in Milwaukee—lay in mass-produced houses, not in public housing.

The few witnesses who indicated support for the public-housing provisions of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill were harassed by Acting Chairman McCarthy. "If you want to endorse one bill out of the 255 pending before Congress," he announced, "you'd better know every detail of that bill before you testify here." Anyone who flew in the face of this directive and mentioned the T-E-W bill was asked technical questions about this-or-that obscure section of the bill.

As a result of the ripening smell of the "impartial" housing probe, at least some members of the populace became convinced that McCarthy was not exactly a white knight pursuing the Holy Grail of housing for the unhoused. In 1947, Joe had been able to talk the AMVETs into ignoring the T-E-W bill; but at the 1948 AMVET convention, his ringing personal appeal was not enough to keep the veterans from voting approval of the bill.

Almost simultaneously, Mayor Wendt issued his famous statement calling McCarthy "the water boy of the real estate lobby". Joe was also booed at a meeting of the National Veterans' Housing Conference, where Senator Tobey announced: "Don't be misled by men in public life down here with substitute legislation . . . The little people can't be helped by lobbies."

Clearly, the heat was on. Joe raced back to Washington and looked about for a scapegoat to distract public attention from his labors on behalf of the real-estate lobby. Conveniently, a 300-pound grey-marketeer named Isador Ginsberg trotted onstage. Inquisitor McCarthy tore Ginsberg limb from limb on the witness stand. Ginsberg's appearance did nothing to solve the national housing problem, but it served as a timely attention-getter after McCarthy's cross-country hearings.

The Ginsberg inquisition was right down Senator McCarthy's alley. After two pre-fab manufacturers, Andrew Higgins of New Orleans and William Levitt of Manhasset, New York, had testified that grey-marketeers were adding 50 per cent to the cost of housing, Joe unleashed a broadside attack on Ginsberg, calling him "the most vicious of the grey marketeers". He condemned what "men like Ginsberg are doing," whereupon the balloon-shaped witness drew himself up and announced: "Sir, men like Ginsberg are as proud as men like McCarthy."

The whole Ginsberg hearing was a madhouse, and it made fascinating stories for the newspapers. There was so much tumult and shouting, so much "color" and human interest, that the names "McCarthy" and "Ginsberg" became known from coast to coast. And by the time the grey-marketeer was led away to face criminal charges, Senator Joe had accomplished his objective. The tweedledum and tweedledee housing hearings conducted by Vice-Chairman McCarthy were forgotten in the publicity fanfare about grey-marketeers. Joe became a re-accredited authority on housing—and Congress adjourned without passing any major housing legislation.

THE LUSTRON affair is a case history of how to make money by going bankrupt. The Columbus, Ohio, company was engaged in manufacturing porcelain-and-aluminum houses; a little fast talking and influence-buying in Washington enabled the firm to snag $37,500,000 in taxpayers' money to finance its noble experiment. Merl Young, erstwhile messenger boy who travelled in White House company; first helped to arrange the deal with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, then popped up as Lustron's $18,000-a-year vice-president. Carl Strandlund, the president, dragged down a $50,000-a-year salary. Both men made money; and when Lustron went broke in three short years, it was the

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taxpayer who was left holding the empty purse.

A fast friendship developed between McCarthy and Strandlund, a friendship that flourished in spite of some unfriendly testimony about Lustron at a Joint Housing Committee hearing in Washington. The witness was Robert Byers, another Columbus builder, who had earlier engaged in a business flirtation with McCarthy that profited the Senator by at least $1,000 plus "whisky and entertainment". But by this time Joe was tiring of Byers, preferring instead the attentions of the fat-and-wealthy Lustron company. And it embarrassed Joe that Byers insisted upon dragging Lustron into his testimony. Among other things, Byers charged that Lustron was using its "government capital" to corral labor, thus making it impossible for the Byers firm to hire construction crews at reasonable wages.

Here was the stuff for a rewarding investigation, as later events proved; but Joe wanted no part of it. As acting chairman, he quickly shifted the hearings into other avenues. But if the Joint Housing Committee wasn't interested in Lustron, the Senate Investigating Committee was. On November 5, 1948, Chief Counsel William P. Rogers opened an investigation of Lustron.

By coincidence, Joe was also a member of the Senate Investigating Committee in addition to his position as acting chairman of the Joint Housing Committee. This made Strandlund and his new vice-president, Lorenzo Semple, so aware of McCarthy's importance that they decided it was time they did something tangible for him. So on November 12, 1948, Semple scratched his signature on a check for $10,000. The payee: Senator Joe McCarthy.

Thus, exactly one week after the Senate Investigating Committee began investigating Lustron, a member of the Committee pocketed $10,000 from the company being investigated.

Technically, the $10,000 cheque from Lustron was a down payment on the first literary opus of Joe McCarthy, author. What Lustron got in return was a 7,000-word portion of a pamphlet inappropriately labelled *A Dollar's Worth of Housing for Every Dollar Spent*. It bore Joe's byline. The payment represented something of a new world's record in the literary field—$1.43 a word, 43 cents more than the previous record set by Winston Churchill when he sold his war memoirs.

This is the fifth of nine excerpts from the sensational biography "McCarthy — The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism'", written by Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May who spent more than a year gathering material for the book published by S. J. Reginald Saunders (pp. 431, $4.85). The sixth instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

WITH his polish and wonderful economy M. Havel's problems have few white Pawns; in many they are entirely absent. As a result he tackles few combinations in which white Pawns are prominent, although he has shown himself no less a master in handling them.

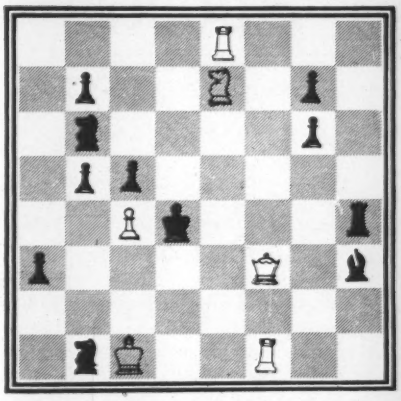
Bohemian influence is felt in abstaining from sacrificial combinations and thereby avoiding the fireworks that so greatly appeal to the tyro.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 71.

1.Kt-K4, threat; 2.Q-B6ch, etc. 1.Kt-K4, Kt-K8ch; 2.K-R3, etc. 1.Kt-K4, KxKt; 2.Q-Q4ch, etc. 1.Kt-K4, K-Kt5; 2.B-Q1ch, etc. 1.Kt-K4, B-Kt1; 2.Kt-Kt3ch, etc.

There are two pin-model mates here, one in the threat line.

PROBLEM NO. 72, by M. Havel.



White mates in three.

This is an elegant example with three Queen sacrifices, the one after K-K4 being unique with its self-block and white interference following. There are two threat lines after the key-move.

• •

Take Our Word For It

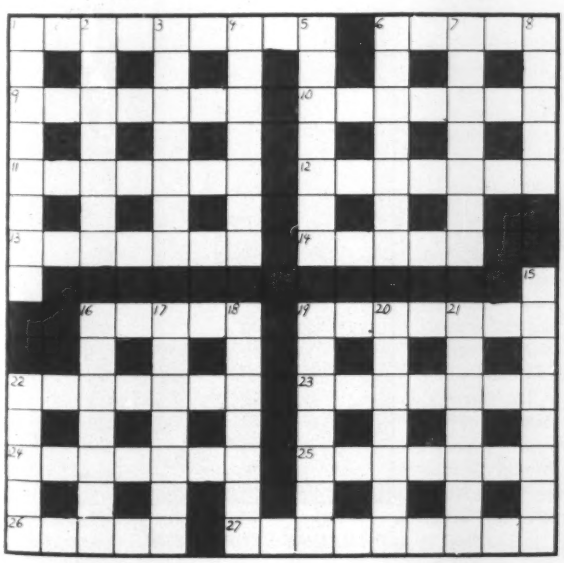
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Put it on, of course, when painting your home. (9)
6. OT. (5)
9. Of material importance to lemon pie? (7)
10. One goes to extremes to get baby food from this vegetable. (7)
11. A beastly little king? (4, 3)
12. Cute method of building? (7)
13. Was he a mere ass to Egyptians? (7)
14. Lucy's fortunate if she gets a letter! (5)
16. They may appear so sad, but they've a good head on them. (5)
19. Though no Casanova, Osbert Sitwell has left his, too. (7)
22. They give us a pain! (7)
23. The language of love? (7)
24. But not necessarily an isolationist. (7)
25. 27 shows that composition is his 'Medium." (7)
26. This soup must be a strain on the cook! (5)
27. Opera one should visit before going abroad. (3, 6)

DOWN

1. They put their spoke, as it were, into the meeting. (8)
2. It's fun, or I'm crazy! (7)
3. Results in possessions. (7)
4. Does it carry a large volume of passengers? (7)
5. Could it be a spin-naker? (7)
6. A cobra starts to squirm in acid. (7)
7. Group method of boarding? (7)
8. Miss Turvy to her friends? (5)
15. Apes have lice all over, which is something! (8)
16. Cocktail? Yes, one for the road! (7)
17. Put inside a wrecked 16 down when the transport left. (7)
18. The detective likes one to work on. (7)
19. Prosper, like the author of "Carmen". (7)
20. Among my souvenirs? (7)
21. The arsonist delights
In whatever he . . . . . (7)
22. Just the book for the fighter's 19 across. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. See 21
6. See 15
9. Resident
10. Danish
11. Pacer
12. See 3
15, 31, 15, 6. The Return of the Native
16. Freebooters
18. Scoutmaster
21, 1, 19. She Stoops to Conquer
24, 2. Knights of the Bath 25. Burro
27. Suites 29. Thoughts
30. Brenda 31. See 15

DOWN

2. See 24
3, 12. Oliver Goldsmith
4. Shed
5. Outcome
6. Nod
7. Tinsmith
8. Visitor
13. Drones
14. Prompt
17. Tungsten 19. See 21
20. Shorter 22. Horatio
23. Lugger 26. Soft
28. Sea (320)

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By Order of the Board
N. J. McKINNON
General Manager

Toronto, 28th May 1954

Sports

Little Miss Murder

By Jim Coleman

ONE OF THE MOST charming and unspoiled young ladies to come down the sporting pike in many years is Marlene Stewart, of Fonthill, Ontario. Golf is Miss Stewart's game and your correspondent doesn't profess to be an expert on the technical aspects of golf. However, there is something about the manner in which Miss Stewart plays golf which chills your correspondent to the marrow. She gives the impression that, if she was carrying a 45-calibre service pistol instead of a Number One Wood, she could drill a hole directly in the middle of the Ace of Diamonds at a range of 50 paces.

Your correspondent hastens to explain that nothing that is written here is intended to distort a picture of a thoroughly nice Canadian girl, aged 20. Often, though, complete efficiency in a young woman strikes terror in the heart of The Mere Male.

Marlene is a small-town youngster whose deportment should give comfort to those Canadian parents who, occasionally, are bedevilled by fears that the rising generation is headed for certain destruction.

In the past three years, Miss Stewart has been in the sporting spotlight almost constantly. Her peculiar ability in her field of athletics has kept her, for a good portion of her time, in the company of persons considerably older than herself. She has been interviewed, *ad nauseam*, by newspaper reporters, radio commentators and television commentators. Despite these somewhat disturbing attentions, she continues to appear and act like someone out of a book by Gene Stratton Porter.

Don't go away with the impression that we are describing a disarmingly ingenuous child who is too good to be true.

Once she steps onto the links, in competitive golf, this little lady is a steel-nerved performer who appears to be completely oblivious of her opponent and her surroundings. Her powers of concentration shake sophisticated observers. Although Marlene probably has no pretensions to Phi Beta Kappa ranking scholastically, she is a dedicated woman when she lines up an iron shot on the fairway.

Now that she is an old veteran of 20, spectators and other golfers have learned to accept her deadly seriousness on the course. Once a match is over, Miss Stewart is as bubbling and effusive as any other young lady, just out of her teens. She is genuinely modest and, in private, she is inclined to disparage her own game.

Marlene Stewart, of Fonthill, Ontario, may not be the best lady golfer in the world but, even now, there are few who outrank her. As far as controlled competitive spirit is concerned, none out-ranks her.

What haunts old sports observers is the refreshing, unspoiled quality in the young lady. On three occasions in the past few years, Marlene has been a guest of honor at Canada's largest banquet, tendered to sports celebrities. On each occasion, she has said something like this: "Gee—thank you, ladies and gentlemen. I'll do my best and I'll try not to let you down."

Corny? Not a bit of it! This little gal is the Real McCoy—this is the kid right out of your neighbor's back-yard at Fonthill and, if any slick promoter ever tries to spoil her, I'll take my own mashie and break it over his monkey-skull.

Miss Stewart probably will be saved from becoming a world champion by the fact that Mister Right will come along and present her with a copy of Mrs. Beaton's Cook Book.

Okay! Okay!—So, after 25 years of snarling in print, I've finally lost my franchise by attempting to write something nice about a wholesome Canadian girl.

But, don't get me wrong, boys! This woman is *murder* on the golf links. No Mere Male ever should permit himself to be embarrassed by meeting her in public competition. Personally, I'd just as soon play golf against a cobra or a rattlesnake.

Toronto Star
MARLENE STEWART: Few outrank her.

Business

Engineering for Export By Co-operative Effort

By W. D. JEWETT

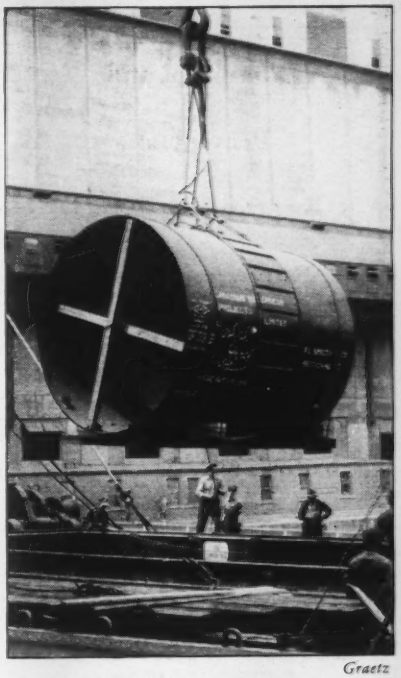
IF WE WISH a good suit of clothes, we go to a tailor who has the knowledge, skill and experience to make what we want and who will assemble the cloth, thread, buttons, linings and all the necessary incidentals. Without his services it would be a time-consuming job to be well dressed. We, in Canada, are fortunate in having good engineer-tailors who are responsible for building our utilities and public works and the plants that produce our manufactured goods. The lack of these engineer or project tailors in many countries is the gap or void which Canadian Overseas Projects Limited is designed to fill.

In the immediate post war years, the peak in export of Canadian heavy capital equipment and the relative ease with which such goods could be sold abroad, led many Canadians to think that the products of our heavy industry had gained a leading position in world markets. Disillusionment came quickly with the rapid recovery of the countries in Europe and elsewhere which produce essential goods at low costs. This, combined with currency restrictions, forced Canadians to the conclusion that their export position could be held with difficulty, if at all. As we stand now, there are not many Canadian producers of heavy capital goods that can compete abroad. It is difficult to market such materials and equipment and yet the flow of such exports is most important to our well being. Canadian Overseas Projects Limited was formed to act as project tailors, with the idea that we might at the same time be able to market our industrial cloth, thread, buttons, linings and a host of other Canadian goods and services.

COPL was incorporated under the Companies Act in 1953 after some two years of research and investigation had shown definite fields for exploration and had actually uncovered a good many specific examples for the application of the contemplated services. The five organizations that aligned themselves to this common purpose and hold control of the Company are: H. G. Acres & Company Limited, Canadian General Electric Company Limited, Dominion Engineering Works Limited, Dominion Bridge Company Limited and Fraser Brace Engineering Company Limited.

The COPL organization as such is relatively small and probably will remain so as its work is mainly negotiation for new business, direct and continuing contact with the client and the co-ordination of the overall effort. The work load for any project is carried mainly by its five member firms. These powerful forces, co-ordinated in one project effort, combine engineering, manufacturing and construction. Thus COPL is in a position to undertake complete projects such as those involved in the development of power, industrial manufacturing, the development of ports and harbors and so on and to accept sole responsibility for all the phases of such work. COPL has also negotiated successfully for services of lesser scope such as consulting engineering and technical investigations. COPL also negotiates for services of wider scope in which it is necessary to secure the collaboration of experts in a particular field outside the experience of its own member firms.

AT THE present time COPL is building a cement manufacturing plant in west Pakistan. This project involves the design of the plant and the provision of equipment and materials from Canada. More interesting, perhaps, is the fact that it was necessary to make rather elaborate soil tests for the heavy foundations and to examine such factors as raw material and water supply. Everything going into the plant must be examined to make sure it suits the climatic conditions, because, at this location, summer temperatures are very high and may reach 120° in the shade. Advanced negotiations in several other parts of the world are pending and several field men are now abroad.



Graetz

A MAJOR component of a $5 million cement manufacturing plant being shipped from Montreal to Pakistan.

In launching this group operation, it was considered of vital importance that it be a completely Canadian effort. As this has been worked out, the co-ordinated service is completely under Canadian control. Moreover, the organization and its control are entirely a private enterprise. There is no connection with any other similar interests, nor is there any public or governmental sponsorship. Thus the organization is completely free in its operation and limited in its scope only by the terms of its charter.

COPL is not by any means alone in its field as similar organizations in Europe and elsewhere carry on the same kind of activity. However, the type of work is somewhat unique in Canada and therefore COPL is breaking fresh ground. Its problems include co-ordination of a specific type, economic studies of other countries, close association with the nationals of other states, legal requirements to operate in other countries and, in some cases, the problems of large scale financing.

It has been found, as was expected, that the development of business is quite costly because it involves a great deal of travel and time. Nevertheless, the reward can also be considerable, not only to those directly concerned, but also to our Canadian economy.

Mr. Jewett is vice-president and general manager of Canadian Overseas Projects Limited and export manager of The Dominion Bridge Company.

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Parbec

I WOULD *appreciate a short analysis of Parbec Mines Ltd., with your views on their prospects for the near future.—M. S., Toronto.*

The recent activity in Parbec Mines, formerly Parbec Malartic, appears to be a direct result of the expansion of the share capital from 3 to 6 million shares and the underwriting of blocks of the new shares at prices from 10 cents to $1.00.

For the month of May alone trading in the stock totalled 2,460,875 shares, more than half the issued share capital, while the price moved in a narrow range between 23½ and 30 cents.

It is evident from this that a strenuous effort is being made to market these shares and the activity in the stock is to be attributed to this much more than to the interests the company has in Manitouwadge and other areas.

Its merits as a trading medium cannot be assessed. To buy or sell is a pure gamble.

U. S. Steel

LAST *September, after reading your comment on United States Steel, I bought some shares in this company at 35. These shares are now selling at 48 and I am wondering if I should take my profit or hold on in hopes of a further rise. . . I see the steel business has improved somewhat of late. What do you think of the prospects?—S. H. M., Montreal.*

Closing, at the time of writing, at 48½ U.S. Steel now provides a yield of 6.2 per cent as compared to the 8.6 per cent that was available at your purchase price on the $3.00 dividend rate.

The outlook for the steel business has been clouded considerably by the negotiations now under way with the United Steel Workers' Union. The possibility of a strike, while admittedly faint, has provided some false strength to the demand for steel as buyers have stepped up orders as a hedge against both an interruption of supplies and the possibility that the steelmakers may be forced to increase their prices if costs are forced up by the wage demands now being made.

For months now steel production has hovered under the 70 per cent of capacity mark and has just recently edged up to 73½ per cent. With the present borrowing from the future and the indications that the important automobile market, which consumes some 20 per cent of all steel produced, is apparently due for a severe slump in production schedules, the outlook for steel demand for the next few months does not appear too bright.

From the market action of the stock over the past several weeks, it is apparent that the 49-50 level is providing very effective resistance to an extension of the advance that has brought the price of the stock up from last September's low of 33½.

The sharp break in the New York market in the second week of June brought the price down sharply to 45⅜ before the present recovery took hold and it appears that a protective stop loss order about two points under the high reached on the present advance would be good tactics.

East Rim Nickel

I HAVE *held shares of East Rim Nickel for some time now and would appreciate your opinion as to whether to continue to hold them or to sell them. — W. E. L., Toronto.*

From the market action of this stock, or rather the lack of it (it has moved for half a year in a very narrow range close to the $1.00 mark), it seems to have become a stagnant situation.

As it affords you no return on your funds and there seems little possibility of any speculative action at the present time with all of the authorized share capital issued, it would appear better tactics to switch your funds into an issue where greater trading possibilities are present.

Crangold Mines

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of Crangold Mines and the subsidiary Cran Kor Mines stock? Is there any future for them?—H. F. S., Toronto.*

Crangold holds a 43-claim gold prospect in the Bourlemaque area of Quebec. After surface work and diamond drilling, it was decided to suspend work on this property in 1951 to await better conditions for gold mining.

The subsidiary, Cran Kor, holds a property in Beauchastel township in the Rouyn area. Drilling there has indicated 24,000 tons of 3.85 per cent copper in the No. 1 vein and a shaft sinking program is supposedly under way.

This seems a limited operation so far and a much greater tonnage of indicated

ore would need to be discovered to generate much speculative fervor.

It is noted that options were given in 195[illegible] and amended in March of last year to provide for the underwriting of 150,000 shares at 30 cents and 120,000 shares at 35 cents payable at the rate of 25,000 shares per month. As accounts at last August 31 showed cash of $2,388 against accounts payable of $2,020, this financing will hardly put the company in a strong position.

This, all factors considered, the future of this company seems limited.

T. G. Bright

WOULD YOU *care to give me your opinion of both the common and preferred shares of T. G. Bright and Co., Ltd., as an investment for long term capital appreciation and also for income?—I. H. T., Toronto.*

This company is one of the country's leading producers of wines. The long term development program that the company is engaged in to improve the quality and variety of its products and build up its productive capacity of high grade wines holds considerable promise of continued growth in sales.

One of the factors in the long term outlook is the large element of New Canadians of European extraction who are traditionally wine drinkers. Together with the wider appreciation of the fine wines being sold by Canadian firms, it provides a good basis for expecting broader markets.

The development of new grapes and the aging of the product is a long slow process, as the annual report of the Company shows. One brand has been under development since 1934.

This is reflected in a survey of the reports since 1947. Net sales, while at their highest in the last fiscal year at $3,392,179, have held close to the $3 million mark for the past 8 years.

Net profits have not kept pace, due to higher costs, declining from the 1948 peak of $461,022 to $248,840.

As common dividends do not seem likely for some time, the 5 per cent preferred shares would appear the best means of investing in this company at the present time.

Investment

PLEASE GIVE ME *your present recommendations of an investment yielding 6 per cent or better, with 20 per cent income tax credit, payable in Canadian funds and affording the greatest degree of security. Growth and marketability are not important factors. Investment is for a relatively long term.—P. M. M., Norwich, Ont.*

It would be very nice to have such a security on hand to recommend. How-

A booklet about

Hudson's Bay Company

For some time we have felt that the shares of Hudson's Bay Company present an attractive investment opportunity.

We have prepared a booklet setting forth the reasons for this opinion, and giving information regarding the operations, assets and earnings of the Company.

A complimentary copy will be sent upon request.

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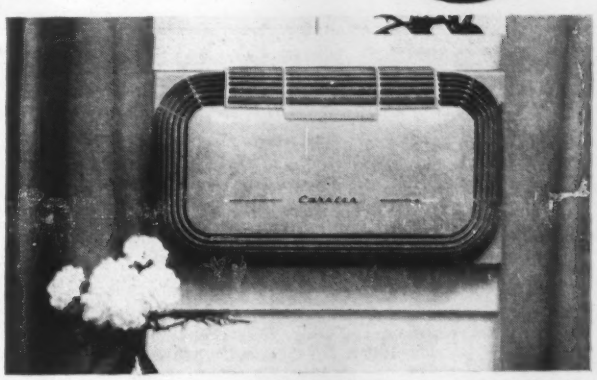

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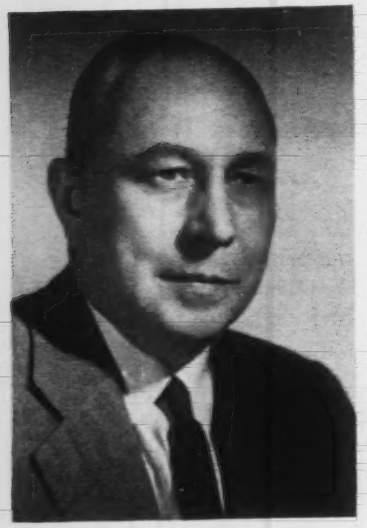
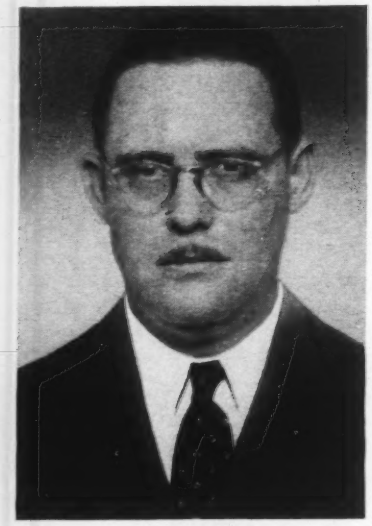


A. M. Christie



R. J. Rogers

The Royal Bank of Canada has announced the appointment of A. M. Christie as Supervisor of Brazilian branches with headquarters in Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Christie has served the bank widely in Europe, the West Indies, Central and South America and since 1950 has been Manager of Rio Branch. The new Manager at Rio de Janeiro will be R. J. Rogers, since 1950 Assistant Manager at Sao Paulo. S. McAlister, Supervisor of Brazilian branches since 1950, is retiring on pension. *

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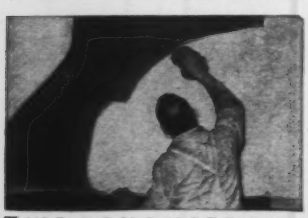

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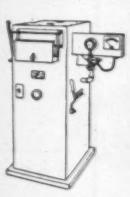

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ever, we regret to state that there is no such investment possessing all the attributes you desire.

First of all the tax credit is only applicable to common and preferred stocks. Both classifications possess some degree of risk and it is axiomatic in the market that the greater the risk, the greater the yield.

High grade first mortgage bonds and Government securities provide the least risk, but the yield is low, as the 3¼ per cent coupon on the last issue of Government bonds attests.

At the other end of the scale are mining issues such as Waite Amulet, which at 12¾ affords a yield of 11 per cent, due to the risks of mining, and Brazilian Traction, which at 8 affords better than 12 per cent due to the risks of an unstable political and monetary situation in that country.

In the middle are such high grade common stocks as Hiram Walker, which at 60 provides 6.3 per cent, but also a risk of a 10 point fluctuation in price at the present time.

The best compromise that can be suggested to fit all of your divergent requirements is a high grade preferred stock such as the 5 per cent $50. par preferred of the British Columbia Electric Co. These at 53 yield 4.7 per cent and can be expected to hold within a few points of this price.

In Brief

GOS IN *1941 I purchased 1,000 shares of Dubuisson Goldfields. I have not heard of any development or any report on their activities since. Would you please advise if this company has gone out of existence?—J. C. L., Montreal.*

Almost. Idle since 1947.

SOME TIME AGO *I bought Jaculet Gold Mines. Is the stock worth keeping?—L. L., Montreal.*

At 9 cents, what's left to lose?

CAN YOU GIVE *me any information on Silver Bird Mines, bought in 1907?—G. H. C., Toronto.*

Long dead.

CAN YOU TELL *me if Lennie Red Lake Mines shares are of any value and if the company is still active? — D. C. H., Oshawa, Ont.*

The Company is listed as inactive. There is no market for the shares.

•

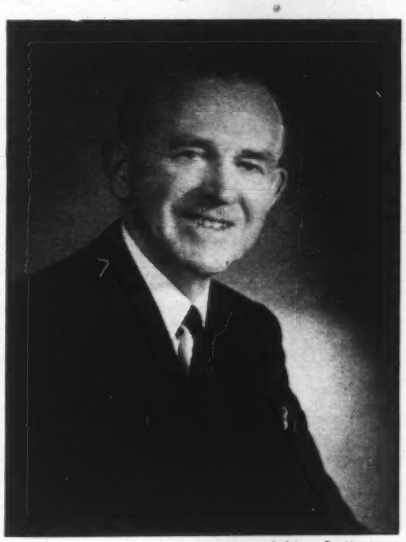
We regret that the volume of requests for information from Gold & Dross exceeds our capacity to answer them. Readers must confine their inquiries to one stock and must supply their full name and address. Letters without signatures and addresses will not be answered.

Who's Who in Business

A Characteristically Bold Manoeuvre

By J. W. Bacque

GEORGE ANTHONY MARSHALL, 62, president of the National Cash Register Company of Canada Limited, one day early in his business career made a characteristically bold manoeuvre. Regardless of his lack of business experience or capital, he walked into the office of the president of a large American concern and requested the Canadian rights to a new and profit-making kind of visible card filing system. "I got a nice reception," Mr. Marshall says, "but they were negotiating with a man in Toronto, and I was asked to wait for three weeks." While he waited, he was offered a job with the National Cash Register Company, the wholly-owned subsidiary of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio. He accepted, with the idea in mind that he "might as well sell cash registers as anything else for three weeks". When he failed to get the franchise from the first American company, he decided to stay with National, and he has been there ever since.



Ashley & Crippen

G. A. MARSHALL

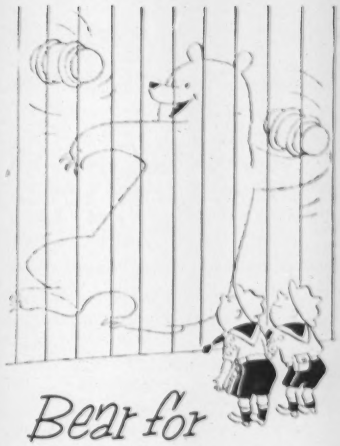
Experience he had gained as a young school-teacher in Galt before the First World War gave him a poise and calmness that attracted the attention of his superiors, especially at sales conventions. In 1927, his demonstration of a new sales technique made such a strong impression on the vice-president in charge of overseas operations that, a few weeks later, Mr. Marshall was named manager of the Cuban division.

"There were ten or twelve branches all through the island," he recalls, "servicing and selling our machines, and I had to take charge of them all. I had never had any kind of executive or administrative experience, I couldn't speak any Spanish, and to make it worse, as a result of a crash in sugar prices, Cuba was in a terrible business depression. Hundreds of our machines that had been sold on the instalment plan were pouring back in". Mr. Marshall soon picked up Spanish and experience enough to give him a confident grip on the situation. A year after his arrival in Cuba he was transferred to London to become assistant manager of the firm's English subsidiary, employing then over a thousand people. In 1929 he was promoted to the position of Managing Director; four years later he took over all overseas operations of the Company with responsibility for everywhere in the world except North America. By the time Mr. Marshall left England in 1951, the business there had quadrupled in size and had added a factory employing 2,000 workers.

He is happy to be back in Canada and he and his wife have taken up skating as their favorite relaxation. Although he is a native of the Western Ontario village of Hespeler, Mr. Marshall has little but praise for Toronto: "We have here in this city a social condition which is outstandingly good, both for raising a family and operating a business. There is not the bitterness between management and labor that prevails in many places in the world".

Mr. Marshall has assumed his share of social responsibility; as campaign chairman of the Community Chest Drive, he is organizing the 1954 drive for funds with a canvassing force of 25,000.

He likes to recall an incident of employee loyalty that made a vivid impression on him. In Hong Kong, just after the liberation in 1945, former Chinese employees of the Company began to service machines again. When the owners asked the charge, the Chinese workers refused to take any money, which they could easily have kept for themselves. Invariably, they preferred to deal honestly with their employers. Mr. Marshall comments, "I count it a privilege to have worked for a Company that inspired such loyalty".



Bear for Punishment

ALASKA'S GIANT Kodiac bear plays rough. But the people who run the Bronx Zoo have found the perfect toy for him. It's an aluminum beer barrel, which in his playful moments he can bang, bounce and generally maltreat without serious damage. Having seen barrels (filled) being tossed around trucks, we can understand why breweries have turned to these rugged, attractive containers. Another reason, of course, is that aluminum is an excellent protector for food and drink, preserving their purity and flavour indefinitely. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1954, payable in Canadian funds on August 2, 1954, to shareholders of record at 3.30 p.m. on June 25, 1954.

By order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 14, 1954.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND No. 256

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty Cents (30c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July, 1954, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, the 2nd day of August next, to shareholders of record of 30th June, 1954.

By order of the Board.

JOHN S. PROCTOR,
General Manager.

Toronto, 9th June, 1954.

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Bonds

Testing Time Ahead

PROFESSIONAL TRADERS and analysts are watching the bond markets these days, both in Canada and the United States, with a great deal of interest and a fair amount of concern.

So many divergent trends are apparent that it is difficult to make any assessment of the market except on a piecemeal basis. In the United States markets, for example, long term government bonds are selling at 110 to afford a yield of only 2.68 cent. Meanwhile, in the corporate issue market, attempts to market high grade public utility bonds at yields of less than 3 per cent have met with failure as large institutional buyers have refused to consider yields of less than this.

The Federal Reserve System, while attempting to aid the market for State and Municipal issues and provide ample money and credit for business, is also faced with the problem of assisting the Treasury in refunding the $25 billion of debt maturing before the end of the year and the placing of some $10 billion in new debt.

With the Federal election only a few months away, it is evident that both the Federal Reserve and the Treasury are committed to a policy of refunding on a short-term basis. Otherwise, the Administration's monetary policy will not have the maximum political and economic effects desired.

In Canada, the Federal bond market is down and the Municipal bond market is unsettled because of a large unsold supply on dealers' shelves with offerings being made at sharply reduced prices. Big investors are apparently not interested in yields under 4 per cent and to a lesser degree, the same applies to corporate securities.

One of the major factors in the situation is that the spread in rates of yield and the exchange premium between United States and Canadian money now makes it unattractive for investors in the United States to purchase Canadian securities.

The one conclusion that can be drawn from the present situation is that Government monetary policies, especially in the United States, seem to be facing a test. In Canada, the wide spread in yields between Government bonds and mortgages has sharply reduced interest in bonds.

In the United States the lack of interest in yields of less than 3 per cent in corporate securities is a warning sign that yields cannot be depressed much more. The Treasury's refunding plans, when announced, will be an important guide to developments in the bond markets.

W.P.S.

women

Photos: Gade of Baron Studios

DESIGNER *Lore Maria Wiener, with her husband, Dr. Walter H. Wiener, in the office of her couture shop in Vancouver. Below, Mrs. Wiener and their nearly-six-year-old daughter, Claudia Maria, discuss an original sketch by the latter. Further Wiener pictures appear on the following pages.*

Conversation Pieces:

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the average Canadian woman is short and dumpy need not be taken as alarming, even if it *was* made by the National Health Department, backed by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, because the average Canadian woman doesn't exist. There are plenty of short dumpy women in Canada and any number of long rangy ones. The pumpkin silhouette jostles the string-bean silhouette in any chain-store line-up. But no line-up ever yet contained the average Canadian woman. She is simply an abstraction evolved by statistical incantation from Government tables of weights and measures. Ever seen a generalization ordering pork-chops at the meat counter? Ever seen an abstraction walking?

It must be the advancing dog-days that make men break into nervous perspirations of thought regarding women. For instance, Dr. J. Preston Robb of Montreal has come forward with the notion that the best way to remedy the nursing shortage is to dress nurses in loose black uniforms. This, Dr. Robb feels, would make them less attractive to male patients, who might otherwise marry them and take them out of the profession. The fact is that the Robb theory wouldn't work even if it was carried to the farthest extreme; that is, if nurses were uniformed in the most unappealing fashion ever devised for feminine wear — the evening gown of the Twenties, which attempted to make the parallels of hip and knee-length meet. A nurse in this outrageous garment would still look irresistible to the male patient just coming out of the ether. If he were the romantic type, she would merely swim into his vision as the mother-image. Less idealistic dreamers would probably see her advancing with no clothes on at all. You can't make nurses unattractive to male patients any more than you can make parallel lines meet.

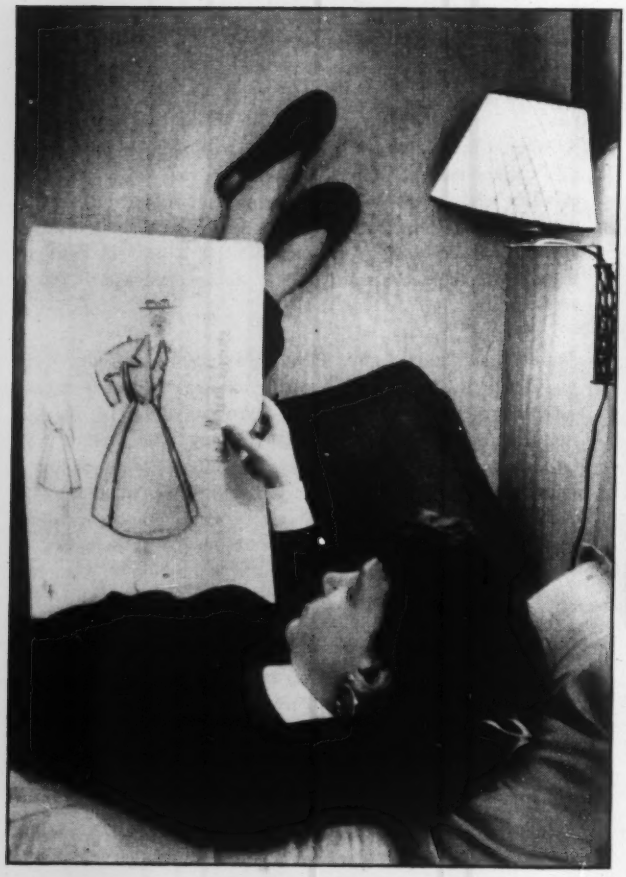
A Toronto woman recently presented a new angle on the juvenile delinquency problem. Her home, in one of the city's statelier areas, was left unoccupied for some time and neighborhood gangs took the opportunity to throw rocks through the windows. "We don't need better schools," this woman pointed out grimly. "What we need is better reformatories."

Secretary of State J. W. Pickersgill recently introduced legislation to provide government awards for civil servants who invent useful contrivances. We can think of any number of such practical gadgets if any civil servant wants to take advantage of Mr. Pickersgill's offer: sealed vacuum bathing-caps, parking meters that will return change, automatically revolving spaghetti forks, a non-carnivorous zipper, a substitute for the old-fashioned wire hair-pin, now displaced by the non-versatile bobby-pin. Remember all the things you could do with that old-fashioned wire hair-pin? You could pick a lock, remove putty, erase typewriting errors, slit envelopes, pry through watch-works, cauterize a wound, join rope-ends and hook nickels through gratings. You could use it stylo-fashion to leave messages on brick-work, and stiletto fashion to defend your honor. It was also extremely practical for holding up hair.

Double billing on an Ottawa movie marquée: *So This is Love* and *Don't Bother to Knock*.

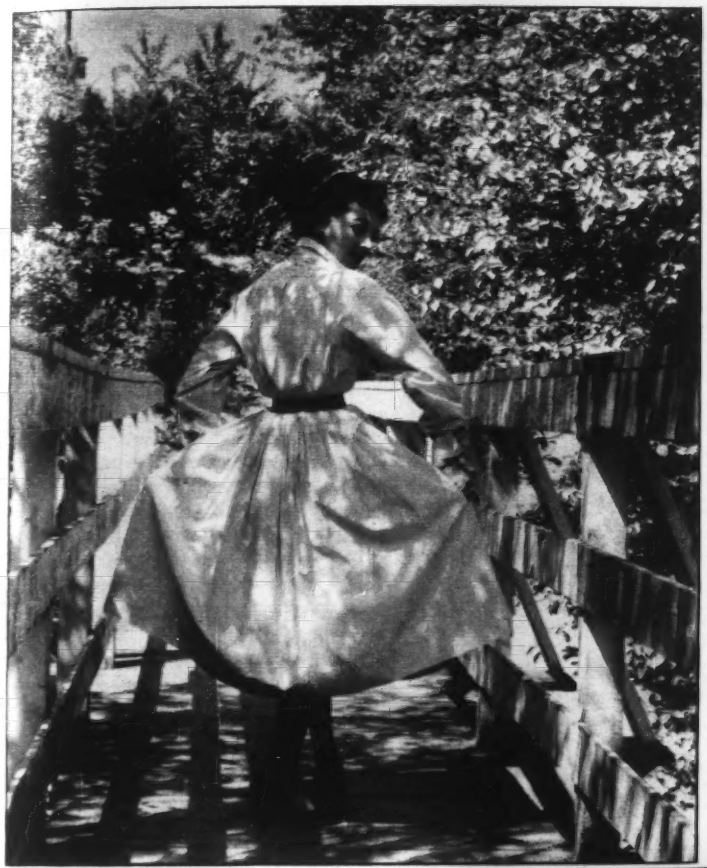
DESIGNER *Lore Maria Wiener is photographed outside her Vancouver shop as she adjusts one of her slim black wool crepe dresses on the model.*

Fashion Accent in Vancouver



AT LEFT, *Mrs. Wiener, relaxing at home after a busy day in her salon, considers the inclusion of this model in her Fall collection. Above, a typical scene in the Wiener workrooms, in Vancouver.*

Photos: Gade of Baron Studios



VIENNA has contributed at least three top fashion designers to the Canadian scene—Cornelia and Tibor de Nagay, on Toronto's fashionable Bloor Street, and Lore Maria Wiener, in Vancouver.

A graduate of the Vienna Academy of Dress Design, Lore Maria Wiener went to China to join her father, an engineer. There, at the age of twenty, she met and married Dr. Walter H. Wiener, financial editor of the *North China Daily News*. She opened a shop in Shanghai, and did a flourishing business among the sophisticated consular ladies.

Then came the Japanese occupation. After the war, she opened her salon again, only to leave hurriedly a few years later with her husband and small daughter, when the Communists came. The family arrived in Vancouver practically penniless. This was four years ago. Already the Wiener salon has a staff of eight and a growing clientele.

Mrs. Wiener believes a designer's business is to help develop the personality of each client. She has been known to persuade a prospective customer to give up the idea of a whole new wardrobe of diversified styles and concentrate on a couple of outfits that really do something for her.

TWO VIEWS *of Lore Maria Wiener's sunset pink cotton shirt dress, with ruby colored contrast in the crystal buttons and leather belt; photographed in a park near the Wiener salon.*

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Letters

Life or Death

. . . IF THE moral arguments against the death penalty are overwhelming in the case of a murderer, do they not also hold in the case of the unborn babe? Yet during the past year or two you have carried articles which directly or indirectly sanctioned practices of unnatural birth prevention.

Do moral law and principles of right and wrong derive their efficacy from the sickening horror of the cultured, the count of turned-up noses, the *ex cathedra* pronouncements of the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, or the law of God whether you like it or not? For me, it has been a curious experience to note that people who are everlastingly shouting their principles, frequently forget them the moment they start to pinch.

Toronto J. P. BRENNAN

I DO NOT believe that a committee, you or anybody, can make it abundantly clear that the threat of death is no more of a deterrent than the threat of life imprisonment and the arguments against it certainly are not overwhelming. . .

We have had and are having an epidemic of armed robberies where the old and young have been threatened and often badly beaten by armed thugs. The numbers could be cut down, if not eliminated, by our judges putting into effect a law and giving a term in jail with 10 lashes on entry and 10 when the term is up. These men are cowards and will not take it.

Montreal HUGH M. SCOTT

Party Dues?

PERMIT ME to compliment you on your editorial "Security for Whom?" in the issue of June 12. It is the CCF Party which has been trying to slip the Check-off into the Federal Code, but never once in any paper I have read, nor even in *Hansard*, have I seen the real reason given for their espousal of the cause. Of course the answer is that the CCF is the political arm of the CIO and certain other Labor Unions, and is supported by Union contributions whether the worker members of the Unions vote CCF or not. Results of a number of postwar Provincial and Federal Elections show that many of them don't support the CCF.

It is well known that the Check-off assures Unions of more income than they can ever hope to get through voluntary payment of dues, hence the CCF has a vested interest in the Check-off. . . Why should any employer who believes in private enterprise be willing to collect dues for a Union which hands over part to the CCF Party whose politics are opposed to private enterprise?

Toronto R. A. MEAGAN

Less Abuse

THE ARTICLE, "Senatorial Scoreboard" (SN, June 5) was fair enough except for the summary where Norman Ward repeats two extreme cases of rush to decide that "the Senate occupies a very small place in the legislative process of Canada". This is not borne out by his earlier statement about the committee work.

In many appearances before the Senate Committees I have found them to be doing a job the Commons has not the time to do, particularly on technical legislation like bankruptcy, company law, combines, and so on. Perhaps too few do the work but those few do it very well.

The Senate occupies an important place but it could do more. While some distinguished citizens might help, the Senate is a legislative body and who has the life-long experience needed but former cabinet ministers of the House of Commons and of the legislatures of the provinces?

More work and less abuse is all Senate needs.

Toronto A. C. THOMPSON

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69, NO. 39 WHOLE NO. 3191

Of Many Things

IT MAY NOT be the "largest single factor" in the "loss of traffic by the railways to competing modes of transportation" (SN, May 29), but certainly antiquated equipment, to say nothing of inconvenient schedules, is a major cause. Last week-end inaugurated the summer-holiday service of the railroads and, as in former years, the oldest and dustiest of the plush- and straw-seated coaches were put on the lines. No wonder the railroads are in a bad way.

Pontypool, Ont. ALBERT BRAUN

IT'S ABOUT TIME we started treating Indians as people, and not as sub-humans or delinquent children. . . . A week or so ago, a magistrate in this province decided Indians should not be allowed in beer parlors. Why? There is a fiction that Indians cannot be trusted with any spirituous beverage. Complete nonsense! One has only to observe the conduct of other races to realize that color of skin has nothing to do with the way a man carries his liquor. . . .

Victoria JAMES A. CANBY

SATURDAY NIGHT, May 29, page 19, *The Story of the Mirror*. I quote the first sentence of the article: "The assumption that newspapers form and control public opinion cannot be substantiated". Now I quote the last two sentences, page 22: "With a circulation of more than 4,500,000 the Mirror claims to be read every day by 11 million people. An immense power for good lies within its grasp."

Make up your mind, Mr. Cudlipp!

Saskatoon F. W. TOWNLEY-SMITH

THE biographical section of the Congressional Directory, 83rd Congress, 2nd Session, February, 1954, states that Senator Joseph R. McCarthy was born in Grand Chute, Outagamie County, November 14, 1909, and not 1908 as stated in your issue of June 5, 1954.

GUS MILLER, Librarian,
United States Senate.

Washington, DC.

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Films

Kaye, Hope and Skelton

By Mary Lowrey Ross

IN THE ESSENTIAL business of the screen clown seems to be to caricature the screen hero. The crisis that fires the hero to action reduces the clown to witlessness, the bold opportunity of the one being, as a rule, the wild extremity of the other. The hero is aggressive, grim and laconic, the clown is tremulous and apologetic, with a tendency to lapse into double-talk and baby language. The hero wins the girl because she admires manliness and strength. But the comedian wins her too, because, if she is a true heroine, her heart responds to helplessness and simple-mindedness. All that is needed, then, for the happy ending is to reverse the protective roles.

Red Skelton, Bob Hope and Danny Kaye all tend to build their comedy about this simple principle. The courage of Red Skelton in *The Great Diamond Robbery*, of Bob Hope in *Casanova's Big Night*, and of Danny Kaye in *Knock on Wood*, is always reluctant. Actually all quiver and fall apart like a disturbed junket at the first approach of danger. The moment of valor arrives only when love provides the catalyst for overwrought nerves.

The three comedians fall easily into the routines provided by their script-writers, and apart from personal inventions the routines vary hardly at all. Bob Hope's gags are to a great extent vocal — he's a radio man before everything else. Unless he is surrounded by mechanical gadgets, the resources of Red Skelton, a born mugger, are largely facial. But Danny Kaye's inventions, which are wonderfully complex and varied, engage every part of him, almost as fluidly as though he were a ballet dancer. It doesn't matter if the plot, like the ballet routine, follows a fixed pattern. It is the performer on whom you have your eye.

The favorite trick of Bob Hope's comedy writers is to set him up as the impersonator of a man of action or a hero of romance, fill in with gags that he can throw away with timed carelessness, and let him go ahead and make a shambles of the original character. This is the method followed in his recent film. Many of the gags, to be sure, deserved to be thrown away in story conference.

Red Skelton has shown a tendency recently to stray off into relatively straight roles; and his current comedy, *The Great Diamond Robbery*, runs along rather like a mild parody of the old foundling story.

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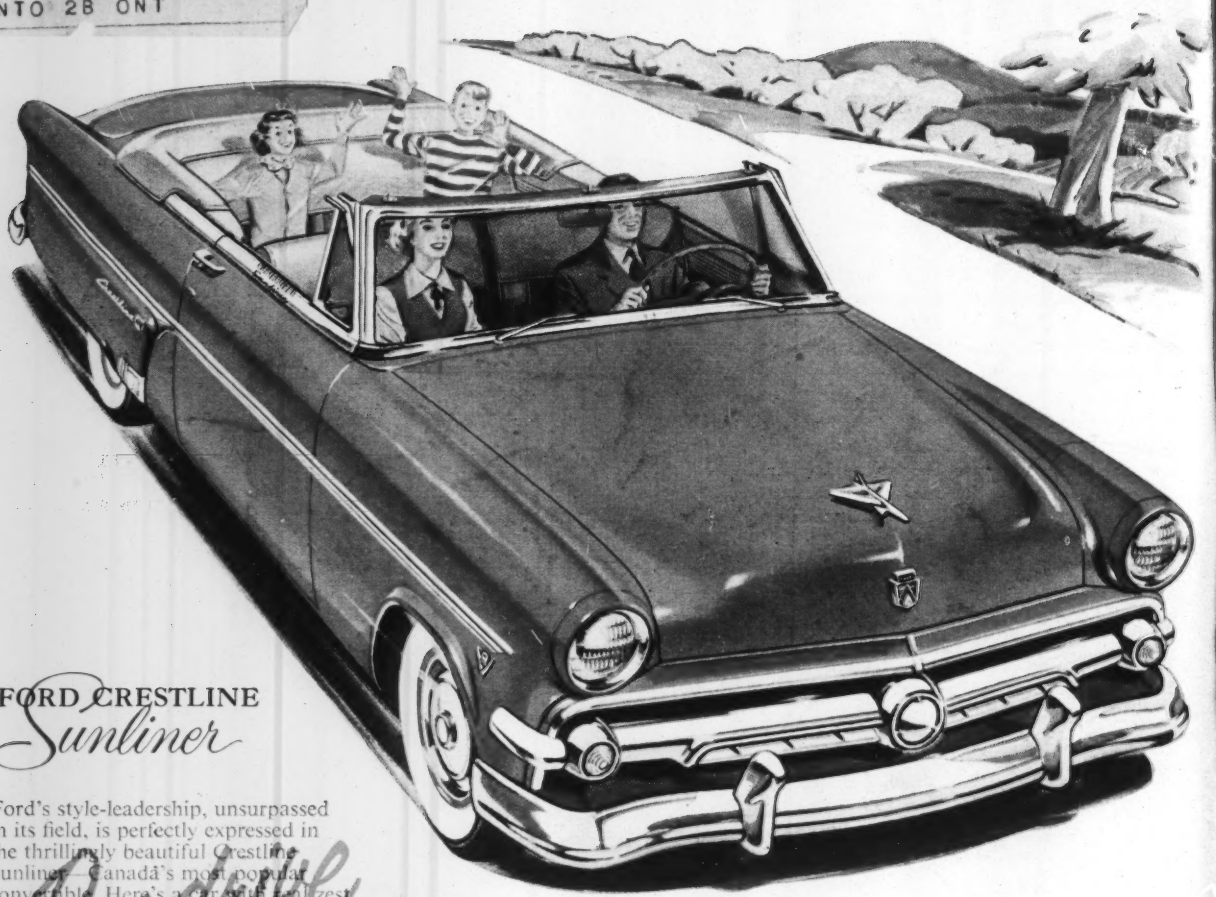

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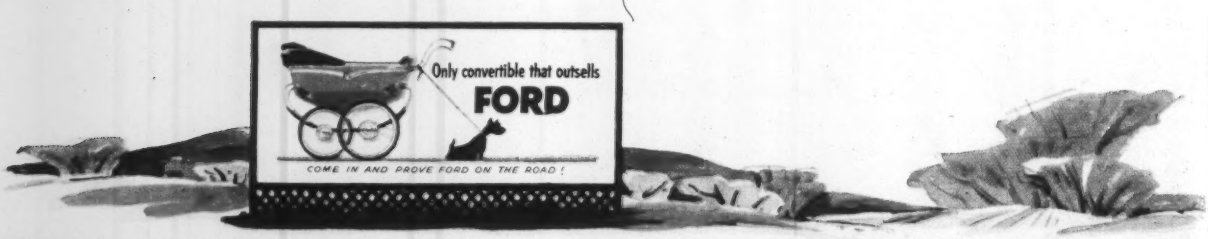

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